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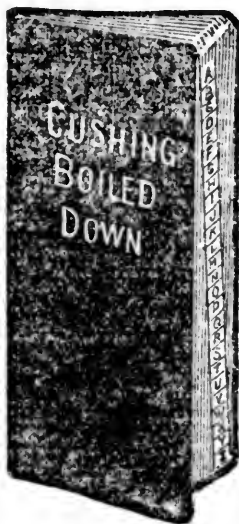
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The Scorchers

Copyright, 1894, by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.

The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

O have you seen the scorcher clown upon his shining wheel?
Who owns the road and rules the town, with nickel, hose and steel?
O have you heard his sprocket talk his tale about the gear?
And have you met him in your walk, well bent from heel to ear?

REFRAIN.

O Scorchers, Mister Scorchers, if we are in your way,
Just ride ahead, we'll lie a-bed, that you may have full sway!
O Scorchers, Mister Scorchers, don't turn your wheel aside,
We're on this earth to give you mirth, ride on, O bloomer's pride!
O has he tossed you up and down, and bumped you sick and sore,
Or roll'd you over on the ground, as madly on he tore?
We are, you know, his ten-plus all, just practice for his eye;
His bike is but the skimming ball, to wing us on the fly.—*Refrain.*
We love the play called exercise, and well the shining wheel,
Remember then this song applies to hearts of flint and steel.
That beat within the breasts of some who love themselves alone,
Who think it is but jolly fun to mingle us with stone.—*Refrain.*

My Southern Rose

Copyright, 1894, by The Herald Square Music Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Howard Graham. Music by Charles Graham.

Down in Tallahassee, where the gentle zephyr blows,
In the sunny land of fruit and flowers;
Just as twilight deepened, I beheld my Southern Rose
Ornamenting one of nature's bowers.
Our acquaintance ripened soon from friendship into love—
Never dying, quickly tho' it grows;
And I'll trust her with my heart just as an angel from above,
For she's very little less, my Southern Rose.

REFRAIN.

My Southern Rose, in sweet repose,
From ev'ry stormy wind that blows;
A shield for thee my love will be,
And guard thee well through life, my Southern Rose.

Now the happy hours we spent come back to mem'ry dear,
All her pretty smiles and winning ways;
When I told her life without her would be cold and drear,
Ask'd her to be mine ere many days.
She, with downcast eyes, so sweetly, softly answer'd "yes;"
Then, to hide her blushes, sought repose
In my arms, until I woke her with a fond and loving kiss,
That united me and my sweet Southern Rose.—*Refrain.*

True Love's Melody

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.

Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.

The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

The very stars you see to-night are looking down on me,
May they to you reflect the blight I know since you are free;
Would they in turn show me your face, that I might therein see
It had but lost one line of grace, through grief for love of me.

REFRAIN.

As distant as the very stars you seem to-night to me,
As chilling as the very winds from off the wintry sea.
Yet I would bid your heart look back to love's sweet memory,
Oh, sing with me again the chords of true love's melody.

The very winds that kiss your cheek are ling'ring near me now,
May they to you in haste retreat, all laden with this vow,
That I shall know not rest nor peace till you are mine to dwell,
For it was madness to release the one I loved so well.—*Refrain.*

Naughty Cupid

Copyright, 1896, by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Words by Viola Yoerg. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.

The sheet music can also be obtained by the publisher of this book.

I'm in love with the sweetest, the dearest of girls,
She's a gem among gems, and a pearl among pearls;
When I see her fair face I am filled with delight;
And her eyes are so bright they have dazzled me quite;
O my heart she has won with her sweet, winsome ways,
And I long for the coming of bright autumn days;
For a promise she gave that my dear wife she'll be
When to town she returns, my sweet Marion Lee.

REFRAIN.

Oh! Cupid, naughty Cupid! 'tis a shame the pranks he plays,
With the coming of the roses and the drowsy summer days.
Cupid, naughty Cupid, delicious are his smarts;
But think of all the mischief he is causing with his darts.

There's a dear little maid who lives over the way,
From my window I see her sweet form twice a day;
In the morning I look through my blind just to see
If that dear little maiden is thinkin' of me;
And though late in the evening when drawn is her shade,
I can see, slyly peeping, that dear little maid;
Though, of course, in my heart only one face can be,
And you know it is that of my Marion Lee.—*Refrain.*

There's a store in Broadway, you must know it quite well,
Where a tall, dark-eyed girl has sweet violets to sell.
One must go there, of course, these sweet violets to buy,
But we'll say not a word of that charming dark eye.
Now the town, by the girls, all deserted is, quite,
And a roof-garden concert I'll take in to-night;
With that sweet dark-eyed maid I will not lonely be,
Though you know all my thoughts are with Marion Lee.—*Refrain.*

If our girls stayed in town all the summer, I'm sure
We would find they'd be more than we well could endure.
O just think of those gay little trips to the beach,
Which would then be so tame, and quite out of our reach.
Now that dear little maid, who lives over the way,
Went down to the beach with me only to-day.
We had fun, did you say? You must hush! Can't you see
I'm so lone and so sad without Marion Lee.—*Refrain.*

My Honolulu Queen

Copyright, 1899, by Sol Bloom.

Words by Jas. O'Dea. Music by William H. Penn.

Where the billows gaily roar, on the far-off sunny shore
Of a famous island where it's always summer,
A dainty girl of mine lives there in bliss sublime,
For natural grace and beauty she's a hummer;
And this I know for sure, I've got her heart secure,
For she's my Queen of Honolulu.

CHORUS.

For she's the belle of all the Honolulu ladies,
Just the sweetest ever was seen,
And although her face a dusky shade is,
She is my Honolulu Queen.

'Bout a half a score or more volcanoes spout and roar,
In that fair land among the palm-trees shady,
Yet none I've ever seen is warmer than my queen,
For torridness the limit is this lady;
Now, if my plans don't fail, soon o'er the seas I'll sail
To wed my Queen of Honolulu.—*Chorus.*

Legion of Light

Copyright, 1894, by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.

The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Roll thy rivers out to sea, thro' the gulfs, the bay, the sound,
Yet shall they return to thee, gaily circling 'round and 'round,
Back they'll ride to Freedom's sun, back to heartis that valor won,
Ocean swell and ranks untold, love the freeman's brotherfold.

REFRAIN.

On, still on, for truth is might, legion of light, banded for right!
First in peace and and last to war, fearless legion, hail! hurrah!

To thy touch of highland scene, stretch of coast and waters blue,
Dotted deep with gems of green, may we never bid adieu.
From the home of ev'ry race, fairest maiden's wit and grace,
From the band of kindly heart, who could ask us to depart?—*Refrain.*

Learn we but the quickstep tread of the Freeman's heritage,
Hope shall hold erect her head, giving strength to youth and age.
Who hath charm of rock and rill, ever rustling town and mill,
With the bright-faced happy throng, like the land we praise in song.—*Ref.*

The Sad Eviction

Copyright, 1899, by Helen Raab.

Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Helen Raab.

Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.

The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

To-day I saw some household-ware piled on the stony street,
Watched by two children, once quite fair, but now grown gaunt and weak;
They saw at once the scene was new to me, a stranger there,
And in this story, sad but true, they told how they had fared:

REFRAIN.

"Father died to plant the Stars and Stripes on Cuban soil,
Mother scarcely earns enough to keep us with her toll;
We can get no pension yet, our rent we could not meet,
And this is why the landlord put us out upon the street."

The children further said to me, "Our mother is away,
In search of shelter, where we three may rest at close of day,
She hopes to find a kindly few to give her some small aid;
She will repay the favors due when pensioners are paid."—*Refrain.*

Oh, men who mould the law for us remember well this tale,
Remember some may need a crust, who falter not, nor fail
To sacrifice a life or home when bugles sound the call
To scale the hill, to breast the foam, or for Columbia fall.—*Refrain.*

I Have Not Changed

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.

Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.

Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.

The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Oh, love, I have not changed a thought,
Thy silence hath no fancies wrought;
That bid me for diversion seek,
Or chide me for a life so bleak;
Oh, no, tho' we are long estranged,
My faith in thee hath never changed.
Through all this sad and silent time,
My hoping heart hath called thee mine.

REFRAIN.

Tho' some hearts change when love's estranged,
I shall remain, dear one, the same;
Tho' tear and smile, thro' ev'ry trial,
E'en tho' in vain, I shall not change.

Yet friendships new doth oft efface
The tender lines that love hath traced,
And thus should absence bring to thee
Sincere regret for vows to me,
That moment, love, thou art released
From pledges that would mar thy peace;
When all the past seems naught to thee,
Sigh not, I'll grant thee liberty.—*Refrain.*

Not even then would come to thee
One bitter word or sign from me;
Ay, even then, tho' more estranged,
I would, in truth, remain unchanged;
Then flee not, love, flee not away,
But reign supreme where faith holds sway.
No other heart shall offer thee
Such boundless love and loyalty.—*Refrain.*



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Don't Break Your Mother's Heart,

TOM

Copyright, 1898, by The Atlantic Music Co.
Words and Music by J. Hume Quigley.

'Twas on a street where crowds resort, among them bad and good,
A fair-haired boy, his mother's pride, upon a corner stood;
His sister, passing, stopped, surprised and grieved to see the trace
Of reckless dissipation that was on her brother's face:
Oh, Tom, she cried, what have you done? why cause this cruel blow?
Where have you been these many days? poor mother wants to know;
Oh, brother dear, come home to her before her hopes depart;
She'd give her life for you, Tom, don't break your mother's heart.

REFRAIN.

Don't break your mother's heart, Tom; let vice and crime alone;
If you'll but do her bidding, there'll be nothing to atone,
Her words are for your welfare, so heed them from the start;
Don't break your mother's heart, Tom, don't break your mother's heart

Just then a policeman seized poor Tom, who forcibly rebelled,
A cry: and as the crowd gave way, his mother Tom beheld,
Oh, sir, she cried, don't take, my boy; he's guilty of no crime;
It's not too late to save him, sir: please let him go this time:
The policeman's manly heart was touched, and to the boy said he;
"I'll do it for your mother, lad; her words have set you free."
Tom grasped his sister's outstretched hand and said, "I will obey;
Yes, mother, I'll go home now; you'll have no cause to say:—*Refrain.*

DOWN IN SMITH'S BACK YARD

Copyright, 1899, by The Atlantic Music Co.
Words by James J. Haines. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Back from the noisy street, where the poor folks dwell,
Life has its dally toll, happiness as well;
One spot is known to all, for its lively fun,
'Tis where the little ones meet to romp and run.
There's little Jimmy Burke, with his sister Sue,
And all their little chums congregate there, too,
While Dan, the "Jolly Cop," when around on guard,
Joins in the merriment down in Smith's back yard.

CHORUS.

Down in Smith's back yard, down in Smith's back yard,
Where the little children rally,
Happy, gay and free, call around and see,
Just across from Nolan's alley,
Down in Smith's back yard, down in Smith's back yard,
Ev'ry afternoon you'll find them;
Eagerly they wait, at the old red gate,
For the fun in Smith's back yard.

Smiling from up above, in the windows high,
Grown folks recall the days now so long gone by;
Should there a fight occur, mother Smith appears,
Then laughter comes again, banishing the tears.
One lad is in command, little Johnny Wood,
For mother Smith has said "You must all be good."
They have the proper rules and a stern regard
For social etiquette down in Smith's back yard.—*Chorus.*

MALONEY, J., THE WABBLER

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 40c.
The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Maloney has a bicycle, three months ago he got it,
And now I'll favor any law to make Maloney stop it.
For since he's riding ev'ry day my heart is nearly broke,
In fear he'll wobble up behind and give each rib a poke.

REFRAIN.

I wish you saw Maloney just wobble on his bike,
I wish you saw him steering the course he thinks is right;
I wish you saw the wreckage that marks his steaming wake,
He makes the stoniest-hearted and fastest rider quake.

Don't think he went into a school to learn to mount and pedal,
Or practiced in his own back yard 'till he could win a medal.
Oh, no, but straightway to the road he wobbled on his wheel,
Where man and horse know very well Maloney's steed of steel.—*Refrain.*

Between the park and Boulevard he spends each afternoon,
Where all he meets must skip and dance, tho' no one plays a tune,
For when they see him wabbling it's a case of who'll be first,
To get away from Jerry's wheel that's like a dragon cursed.—*Refrain.*

You ought to see Miss Bloomer fill with fear and indignation
When J. Maloney's coming on with gait that knocks inflation
From lung and tire of ev'ry make and ev'ry sort of wheel,
While all the horses are in knots and all the drivers squeal.—*Refrain.*

Maloney's face is filled quite thick with lace-work made of scratches;
You'd think it was a patent box where loungers scrape their matches;
Now if the wabblers and M. J. don't stop their crooked work,
I'll have our own Assemblyman just rule them off the turf.—*Refrain.*

ALL IN VAIN

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 60c.
The sheet music of this song can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Beloved, I lingered to-night at the place
Where we met, where we vowed, where we parted;
I waited once more for a glimpse of your face,
Then I roamed back to dream, heavy-hearted.
I hoped at the tryst you would greet me again,
To forgive ev'ry word, I repented;
But drear grew the night, yes, I waited in vain
For the loved one who has not relented.

REFRAIN.

No longer the same is the old trysting place,
Its light and its shadows have lost ev'ry grace,
Since lonely I wander and whisper your name—
Ah, yes, and await you in vain, all in vain.

Oh, why are you absent so long from that spot,
Where you said you would bring me no sorrow,
And sincerely vow'd 'twould be our happy lot,
To be one until death's endless morrow.
Say not you would stray far from love's constant flame,
Or that beacon of hope you would smother;
Oh, bid me not seek, nor await you in vain,
For I love you as loves not another.—*Refrain.*

EILEEN, FOR THEE

Copyright, 1898, by James J. Haines.
Words by James J. Haines. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

The song-birds are filling the air with their trilling,
Wafting my message to Erin's loved shore;
When leaving the old land I promised you, Eileen,
That I should love you each day more and more.
Faithful I've been to the promise I gave you,
True as the rippling waters are clear,
Ocean divides us, but not forever,
Tho' distant from you, my heart still is near:
I know tears are starting at first thought of parting
From the old land for a home here with me;
You gave me your word, love, and now I am waiting
For your sweet self, Eileen, waiting for thee,
For your sweet self, Eileen, waiting for thee.
The birds' early greeting but foretells our meeting,
Would their sweet music were that of your voice;
I listen and fancy I hear your soft whisper
That you are still the sweet girl of my choice.
Faith and devotion are part of your nature,
Sacred the vow you gave with your hand;
Fondly I cherish heart's dearest treasure,
Sweet tie that binds me to our native land.
So answer their trilling, the song-birds are willing;
Tell them the day you are coming to me,
'Tis not far away, love, not long I'll be waiting
For your sweet self, Eileen, waiting for thee;
Eileen, sweet Eileen, I'm waiting for thee.

Christmas Bells Their Stories Tell

Copyright, 1898, by Sheeley & Lottridge.
Written by George Lottridge. Compiled by Frank M. Sheeley, Jr.

Standing alone on a crowded street,
Upon a Christmas night,
Barefoot and cold 'neath the blinding sleet,
Pale 'neath the street's lamp light,
A little newsgirl to the passing throng
Raises her plaintive cry:
A penny apiece are my papers, sir;
Please, now, won't you buy?
I'm hungry and ragged and blue with the cold,
Her simple story she tells,
But none reply to her plaintive cry,
None but the Christmas bells.

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, joyous Christmas bells,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, of joys and sorrows tells:
Left all alone in the streets, in vain to the crowd does she call,
Stories of joy and of sadness, Christmas bells tell us all.

She's left at last on the cheerless street,
Crouched in a doorway high,
Little hands numb with the biting cold,
No more we hear her cry,
No more is she seen on the busy street,
With face so thin and white,
The little newsgirl to a happy home
She has gone to-night;
An angel came thro' that crowded street
And hush'd the tempest so wild,
To heaven above, with infinite love,
It bore away the child.—*Chorus.*

She Is Looking for a Loved One

Copyright, 1898, by Sheeley & Lottridge.
Words by George Lottridge. Music by Frank M. Sheeley, Jr.

Down the street of a great city comes a woman old and gray,
Her footsteps slow and feeble, as she slowly picks her way,
And at each one that she passes she earnestly does gaze;
She longs to see a dear, sweet face of those happy bygone days.

CHORUS.

She is looking for a loved one that she has not seen for years,
Who ran away, one summer day, and left her there in tears;
She longs to see her daughter and take her home again,
But her prayer remains unanswered, and she is waiting all in vain.

Many weary years she waited, and the teardrops oft would fall, [call;
Praying her child, once so wayward, might hear her dear old mother's
And with features sad and careworn, so feeble, old and gray,
She is looking for a dear, loved one, in the city far away.—*Chorus.*

She Was Saved by Her Mother's Tears

Copyright, 1899, by Richard Borch.
Words by Frank M. Sheeley. Music by Richard Borch.

By a cottage stood a woman so feeble, old and gray,
The bitter tears were trickling down her sad, wrinkled face,
By her side there stood her daughter, her only joy and pride,
Who soon would wed and leave the dear old place;
I only ask you, daughter, to look well before you leap,
For remember all that glitters is not gold,
And tho' Tom may love you very dearly, still try and prove his love,
Remember, dear, the words your mother told.

CHORUS.

How many hearts are ofttimes broken, many happy lives wrecked each
By a love vow so softly spoken, many, alas! are led astray: [day,
So stay at home with dear old mother, comfort her few remaining years,
So she heeded the prayer of dear mother and was saved by her tears.

Fleeting years, they have rolled onward, dear mother passed away,
The man she loved was false, and to prison went one day,
And her sweet love dream of long ago vanished like the mist,
On separate paths of life each went their way,
And to the village church-yard you will ofttimes see her stray,
And on a grave plant flowers wet with tears,
And in fancy she can see her mother and hear her loving voice,
And gentle words she spoke in bygone years.—*Chorus.*



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108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed
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YOU DON'T STOP THE WORLD FROM GOING 'ROUND

Copyright, 1899, by The Knickerbocker Music Co.
Words by Will J. Hardman. Music by Fred Hylands.

That gal of mine she is a perfect lady,
If ever lady breathes the breath of life,
And some day when I dream three lucky numbers,
I hope to make that vanished belle my wife,
But with my cocoa pearl I mix with trouble;
We have our little failings out you see,
And then I wants to paint the air bright crimson,
When she throws this awful big bum-shell at me. (Well)

CHORUS.

You don't stop the world from going 'round,
You would not be missed beneath the ground;
I'll admit you're one high-stepper,
But you're not as hot as pepper,
Other bees with honey can be found (Well, I don't know).
You don't weigh no fifteen hundred pounds;
I don't see no chain that keeps me bound;
You are all right but for money,
Let me tell you, Mister Sonny,

You don't stop the world from going 'round.
She tells me that my manners are perfection,
And that my style is really sassahay,
I don't know what that means, and she don't either,
That's why such things she always likes to say,
She tells me I was cut out for an artist;
I guess they cut me from an eb'ny tree,
But don't I get an appetite for trouble
When that high-bred, toasted lilly says to me: (Well).—Chorus.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER KATE

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.
Words and music by Richard R. Hanch.

A high-toned Irish lady is the widow of Jim O'Neal;
And she has a precious treasure that I intend to steal.
Tho' thieving's not my business, and tho' I'm not insane,
I'm under hypnotic influence, and therefore not to blame.

CHORUS.

Two eyes so blue, a heart so true, a wealth of golden hair;
And a form most perfect has this treasure rare;
I've planned a deep conspiracy, and just as sure as fate,
The first chance I get I intend to steal the widow's daughter Kate.
Somehow Katie learned my secret, and she whispered to me last eve
That she'd just as soon be stolen, providing I'm the thief.
To a neat and cozy cottage I'll bear my prize away;
In my heart I will keep her a prisoner, forever and a day.—Chorus.

HONEY, IS YER GWINE TO THROW ME DOWN?

Copyright, 1897, by Geo. E. Schaller & Co. International copyright secured.
Words by N. C. Heisler. Music by Geo. E. Schaller.

I've been pestered with a nigger that's a-foolin' 'round my Hannah,
A bleached out yaller Alabama dude;
He's been struttin' 'round the quarters with an overbearin' mannah,
An' upon my gal's affections he's been tryin' to intrude.
Fears to me that gal is taken with his style, and thinks of shakin'
Her baby with that coon to steal away;
My love for her's so zealous, it makes me mighty jealous,
An' I look into my Hannah's eyes an' say:

CHORUS.

I just wants to tell you, honey, if you're goin' to throw me down,
I'll take a great big gun an' institute a funeral in dis hyar town.
If you accepts dat yaller nigger, he'll be apt for to lose his life,
And you'll be his widow on the day you become his wife.
I have loved my Hannah dearly, an' perhaps I've loved her blindly,
But now I wants to know if I've her man;
Since she's seen that other nigger, she's been treatin' me unkindly,
An' the reason for her coolness I is bound to understand.
Since that other coon's been sneakin' 'round, her love it seems to weaken,
An' if I find she's gwine to throw me down,
The coons will hold a session in a funeral procession,
To escort that nigger's carcass from the town.—Chorus.

YOU USED TO LOVE YOUR BABY BETTER'N YOU DO NOW.

Words and music by L. O. De Witt.
Copyright, 1899, by Recker, Vogler & Co. English copyright secured.

I'm a-havin' 'nuff trouble with ma family 'fairs
For to drive most any man insane,
For I can't find out what is causin' such a coldness
From ma baby, ma 'Mandy Jane;
She used to love me truly,
'Cause she done tole me so befo'
An' when all dis trouble
A-comes a-sneakin' in ma do'
I feel I'm 'titled to an explanation
Why I'm caused so much vexation,
So it's no mo' den right for me to say:

CHORUS.

You used to love yer baby better'n you do now;
Say what's de use of all dis yer continual row,
I've tried ma best for to treat you right,
But you done got actin' like you was white,
You used to love yer baby better'n you do now.

Don't I tote you 'round to all de colored affairs?
Don't I do all any man can do?
Don't I come home early? Aint I reg'lar in ma habits?
Didn't I quit all ma crap games, too?
Because you said you loved me;
Just like you always used to do,
But dar's happenin' lately
That makes me b'leve you aint so true,
An' I'm askin' you for an explanation,
Why I'm caused so much vexation;
An' I demand an answer when I say:—Chorus.

MY LOVE'S THE SAME

Words by Roger Harding. Music by Steve Porter.
Copyright, 1899, by Knickerbocker Music Co.

The dear, dead past is ever in my heart, love,
Where we oft roamed together, hand in hand,
We vowed thro' life that we would never part, love,
The happiest pair of lovers in the land;
Thro' all these weary years of grief and pain, dear,
My love's remained the same as on that day,
Tho' I may never see your face again, dear,
Believe me, I am truthful when I say:

CHORUS.

My love's the same, tho' years have fled,
'Twill ever be, tho' yours be dead,
Tho' you may never bear my name,
As in the past, my love's the same.

Another came and won you from my side, dear,
You said our dream was o'er that we must part,
I left you then in anger and in pride, dear,
And tried to tear your image from my heart;
In spite of all my efforts to forget you,
My thoughts are all of you, by night and day;
Altho' my heart is filled with sad regret, dear,
The memories of the past still bid me say:—Chorus.

'TIS BEST FOR US TO PART

Copyright, 1899, by Knickerbocker Music Co.
Words by Roger Harding. Music by Fred Hylands.

They were parting from each other, her heart was filled with pain,
She thought, perhaps, that she would never see his face again;
You say that you'll come back, dear Ned, to claim your bride some day,
And I will never cease, my love, for your return to pray.
You tell me we're too poor to wed, to wait just one short year;
I trust that you'll forgive me, Ned, but, oh, I sadly fear,
You'll learn to love another in that land so far away;
It grieves me, but I feel 'tis right these last sad words to say:

CHORUS.

'Tis best for us to part, I know, although my heart will break,
There's nothing in this world that I'd not do for your dear sake,
Then clasp me in your arms once more, 'tis time for us to part,
I'll keep the mem'ry of that kiss forever in my heart.

They then parted, and he left her, in distant lands to roam,
And for awhile he often thought of her and home, sweet home;
In just one year he did return, but not to claim her hand;
He'd learned to love another in that far-off distant land.
He told her all the bitter truth, then to her these words said,
If you still hold me to my vow, with you alone I'll wed,
She gently took his hand in hers, then turned her head away,
As tears of sorrow filled her eyes, he heard her softly say:—Chorus.

MY SUNNY SOUTHERN HOME

Copyright, 1899, by Knickerbocker Music Co. Words and music by Roger Harding.

I'm thinking of the day, when a boy I used to play,
Along the Suwanee River's shore,
And my eyes oft fill with tears, when I think of bygone years,
And friends I loved in happy days of yore,
There is no place on this earth, like the dear home of my birth,
As o'er the world I ever sadly roam,
Mem'ry's all that's left to me, yet I'd give the world to see
The old folks in my sunny Southern home.

CHORUS.

My home, my home, my dear old Sunny Southern home,
Where the oriole and thrush
Thrilled their says at morning's blush,
In the woodland, near my sunny Southern home.
My sweetheart Eulalia, dearer than life to me,
Lies sleeping near the Suwanee River's shore;
I am thinking of the day when I heard her sweet lips say,
I love you, I am yours forevermore;
Once again she's by my side, and my heart is filled with pride,
As o'er the old plantation we both roam,
Then I wake to find it vain, and I'll never see again
My sweetheart and my sunny Southern home.—Chorus.

SWEET LENORE

Copyright, 1899, by Geo. W. Clarke.
Words and Music by Charles Abbott and Hazen R. Johnson.

One bright summer's eve, as I strolled by the sea
With one whom I loved to have by my side,
My heart thrilled with joy as she whispered to me
Of the day drawing nearer, when she'd be my bride.
The moon slowly over the water did rise,
All nature seemed happy and gay,
And as I gazed into her pretty blue eyes,
These words to my sweetheart I softly did say:

CHORUS.

Sweet Lenore, 'tis you I adore, ever I'm thinking of thee;
Whisper those sweet words o'er and o'er, and say that you really love me;
Name the day when wedded we'll be, and from me you will ne'er part;
And you will e'er be to me my own true wife and my sweetheart.

The years quickly passed in our sweet wedded life;
Our love still remained the same as of old,
Tho' we had grown gray without sorrow or strife;
And it seemed as though our love would never grow cold.
At twilight we'd stroll by the lonesome seashore,
And watch the sun's last golden rays;
I'd look to the sweet upturned face of Lenore,
And then to my darling these words I would say:—Chorus.
To-day all alone by the seashore I roam;
The shadows of evening silently fall;
Lenore has passed on to her heavenly home,
And oh! how I long for the days past recall.
The moon's soft beams play on the water again,
The waves moan their soft plaintive lay;
My thoughts now go back to the time that had been,
When unto my darling these words I did say:—Chorus.



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MY OLD WESTCHESTER HOME AMONG THE MAPLES.

Words and music by Wm. B. Gray.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

In an old Westchester village, midst the tow'ring maple trees,
The homestead stands, from where my mem'ry starts,
In the twilight oft I've wander'd, while the gentle evening breeze
Seemed to whisper "these are nature's chosen parts,"
With the girl I've loved thro' life, then my sweetheart, now my wife,
O'er the hills and thro' the valleys we would roam,
In my heart there'll ever linger recollections free from strife,
Of my childhood and that old Westchester home.

CHORUS.

In my old Westchester home, where ev'ry heart was kind and true,
Where Christian love and honor reigned supreme,
With a dear old mother's guidance, only happiness we knew,
In that old Westchester home among the maples.
Many times my dad has told me, how a traitor years ago
Had planned a struggling nation to betray,
But a young Westchester hero caught the spy sent by the foe,
Though a fortune for his freedom he would pay;
When a child I've heard dad say, in his quaint old Yankee way,
As he'd take me in his arms at evening's gloom,
That the path of truth and honor was the path we tread each day,
Leading to and from that old Westchester home.—Chorus.

MAMIE TRACY

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.

Words and music by Roger Harding.

Mamie Tracy worked for Macy,
Tho' she was fit for a queen,
Larry Casey met Mamie Tracy
When she was just sixteen;
Mamie Tracy loved Larry Casey,
But when he asked her to wed
She said, "Wait a year, we are too young I fear,"
Then Larry to Mamie said:

CHORUS.

Mamie Tracy, tell me Mamie do,
That you love me, just as I love you, so true,
For I will never more contented be
Until Mamie Tracy becomes Missus Casey and marries me.

Mamie Tracy's not at Macy's,
And all the neighbors have said,
Larry Casey and Mamie Tracy
This year will surely wed;
Ev'ry evening they go out walking,
Happy as birds in the spring,
Sometimes she will say to his pleadings "Nay, nay,"
Then Larry this song will sing:—Chorus.

SWEET KITTY MAHONE

Copyright, 1897, by Geo. E. Schuller & Co. International copyright secured.

Words and music by Ben Riego.

Shure, in all County Kerry there's none that's so merry
As my little fairy, my Irish colleen;
She is handsome and witty and, oh, she looks pretty,
As she dances and skips with the boys on the green.
At night when I meet her, I go out to greet her
All dressed in my best, after taking my tea;
She's as bright as the flowers after sweet sunny showers,
Shure, my heart's in my mouth when I tenderly say:

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet Kitty Mahone,
You've made my heart your own;
If you'll return my love, from you I'll never part;
I'll buy you a dress of the Emerald green
To make you look pretty, my Irish colleen,
For you are my own true love, the sunshine of my heart.

Shure, her waist is so slender, her voice is so tender,
My heart I surrender, won by her bright smile;
And to-night at your cottage I've promised to meet her—
I know I'll be welcomed in true Irish style.
You know I'm not wealthy, but work I'll get plenty—
At good honest toll shure I'll work ev'ry day;
Ev'ry sorrow will leave me when Kitty is near me,
For her true love will cheer me as years pass away.—Chorus.

At the door of the cottage, where we met last evening,
I asked my sweet Kitty if she'd be my wife;
Shure, she looked in my eyes and she answered so sweetly,
"Ah, yes, Barney, darling, I'll be yours for life."
The day she then named when we two should be married;
Next Sunday we'll kneel at the good clergy's feet;
When he puts on the ring all my troubles will vanish,
For with Kitty each hour of my life will be sweet.—Chorus.

When Billie and I Were Young

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.

Words by Louis Blosser. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

When Billie and May and I were young,
We played in the creek together;
We romped in the fields and tore our clothes,
And were out in all sorts of weather,
And Billie would say "You're the nicest girl
In all of this world alone;
Will you love me, Nell, just a little bit,
When you are older grown?"

CHORUS.

Billie and May and I were young, so many years ago,
Over the hills and through the vales we wandered to and fro;
Many the school-house days we passed down by the village green,
Where Billie and I played hook on the sly, alas! it is all a dream.

But soon we were parted, Bill and I,
Our youthful days had flown;
And I sailed o'er the seas to foreign skies,
In this world of strife alone;
The old love was fickle and was not true,
He married our comrade, May,
With her golden hair and eyes of blue
She won his heart away.—Chorus.

Only a Flower that She Kissed

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.
Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Geo. Schieffarth (Maywood.)

In fancy I can see her, as on that happy night
When we had danced together, and dreamed of love's delight;
And when I asked at parting: "What shall love's token be?"
She kissed this little flower, and gave it unto me.

CHORUS.

Only a flower that she kissed long ago;
Only a faded violet;
'Tis but a memory of when last we met,
Only a flower that she kissed.

Those happy days of courtship were ever days so fair,
When love made our lives happy and bright beyond compare,
And when I had to leave her, and came to say adieu,
She said: "You have the flower that I gave unto you."—Chorus.

I roamed through distant countries, and time sped fast away,
But still, with her in memory, I labored night and day;
With riches, home returning, I came to claim a bride,
When at her home they told me the girl I loved had died.—Chorus.

MAMMY'S LITTLE ANGEL BOY

Copyright, 1898, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.
By MacDonald-Mohr.

Mammy's little pickaninny's gwine to sleep,
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by;
Doan' yo' hear de coon-dog bayin' loud an' deep?
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by;
Mockin'-birds an' callin', doan' yo' hear 'em sing?
Pappy's gone a-huntin', an' a 'possum home 'll bring.
Dar is watermelons coolin' in de shadders o' de spring,
Hush-a pickaninny an' a by, by.

CHORUS.

Yo' is mammy's little angel boy,
Doan' cry, little babe, doan' weep,
Mammy mus' make pappy's big co'n pone,
When her pickaninny's fast asleep.

Sweet pertaters bilin' an' a ham bone to boot,
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by;
Pappy's got a grave-yard rabbit's left hind foot,
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by;
Hush-a pickaninny while de souf winds moan;
Go to sleep, so mammy can go leeb yo' alone,
For she's goin' to make yo'r pappy a bone,
Hush-a pickaninny an' a by, by.—Chorus.

RAG-MA-LA

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.
Words by A. Anderson. Music by A. Shaw.

The other night in darktown, they gave a fancy ball,
And introduced a bran'-new dance, which captivated all,
Old sway-back Jones was prompter, and niggers near and far,
All came to dance, and were entranced with the darktown rag-a-ma-la.
"Ready, all, in the hall!" sway-back Jones did call.

CHORUS.

S'lute your babies ah, hot-foot it down the hall,
Give your honey the inside track,
Now do the Palmer House coming back;
And then the wenches chain, swing around again;
Back to place, with due grace,
That's the "Rag-a-ma-la."

Miss Susthanna Johnstone was dancing with Jo Brown,
Who only weighs some ninety-eight to her three hundred pounds;
She slipped and fell upon him, he grabbed his gun to shoot,
When, like a flash, she made a dash for the razor in her boot.
"Ready, all, in the hall!" sway-back Jones did call.—Chorus.

The man who owned the building came in to get his rent,
And swore he'd turn them all right out unless they paid each cent;
They chucked him in the cloak-room, and tightly barred the door;
Tied to a chair they left him there, then danced on as before.
"Ready, all, in the hall!" sway-back Jones did call.—Chorus.

The Valley of the Old Shenandoah

Words and music by L. O. De Witt. Copyright, 1899, by Roeker, Vogler & Co.

You ask me why I am so sad, Tom,
And why my hair has grown so gray,
While only two short years ago, Tom,
My heart, like yours, was light and gay;
The story is a simple one, that's oft been told before,
A tale of love, too beautiful to last:
Of a good, true-hearted maiden,
With a love sincere and pure;
Tho' now 'tis but a mem'ry of the past,
Sweet mem'ry of the past.

REFRAIN.

For she sleeps in the valley of the old Shenandoah,
Her dear angel face I'll see no more;
And I think all the day, and all night long I am dreaming
Of my love in the valley of the old Shenandoah.

You know that I went to the war, Tom,
That we had many a battle day;
Well, they sent word to the folks at home, Tom,
That I had fallen in the fray.
The cruel news came like a shot to my poor little Nell,
When I reach'd home with spirits bright and free,
Then they told me of the message,
And that Nell was laid at rest;
Her tender heart had broken, all for me;
She died, dear Tom, for me.
And she sleeps in the valley, etc.



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DAR'S NO GAL LIKE MY GAL

Copyright, 1896, by I. Whiteson. By Lawrence McDonald.

I courts a colored lady, she's just a little shady,
I lubs her dearly, corse I do;
I is her only nigger, de rest dey cuts no figger;
She lubs me oh, indeed, I know she's true.
When we goes out a-walking, we sets dem all a-talking,
An' you can hear de coons all say:
"Oh, ain't she a peach, but she's clear out of reach,
Fer she's done gib herself away."

CHORUS.

Dar is no gal like mah gal, I wants yo' all to know;
Dar is no gal like mah gal, I se gwine to tell yo' so;
She am mah own warm baby, an' sweet as she can be;
All de coons try to win her, but she lubs no nigger but me.
She am ma yaller daisy, she's got de coons all crazy,
And she am de belle for miles around;
Dis gal she gits the cake when she does de Mobile shake,
She's de talk of all de coons in dis yere town.
I se won dis little missy, she is mah yaller sissy,
An' no man can steal her away;
When dey hear de news, won't de coons hab de blues,
Fer next Sunday am de wedding day.—Chorus.

Pretty Smiling Ella

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.

Words by Eugene Richter. Music by Max I. Fischel.

Just picture a neat rustic cottage,
Far out from the din of the town;
The home of a sweet, pretty maiden,
With soft curling tresses so brown;
And she is the girl of my fancy,
To me she is more than my life,
And tho' all the boys love her dearly,
She's promised that she'll be my wife.

CHORUS.

She's pretty smiling Ella, with tender laughing eyes,
Her ways are sweet and winning, I tell you she's a prize;
She has a host of suitors, but tells them one and all:
"I'll stand by Jim thro' thick and thin, whate'er to him befall."

Last evening I called on this maiden,
And asked her if she'd name the day
When proudly we'd walk to the altar;
I said there's no use to delay.
I won't tell the answer she gave me,
But I'll marry her all the same;
I hope you'll all come to the wedding
- Of me and my sweet blue-eyed dame.—Chorus.

WHAT BROADWAY SAYS, GOES!

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Words and music by Louis Weelyn Jones.

If you desire to be tumbled and tossed,
And whisked and whirled,
Throughout the haze and the maze
Of the ultra-fashion world;
If into Vanity Fair you are
Anxious to be hurled,
Then on the right "set" agree,
Hunt up your pedigree, hurry, don't delay.
When you are sure the blue blood
Is a-glistening in your veins,
Don't think you're landed on top
Without trouble, care or pains,
For most important of things
In all sweldom still remains,
Dressed in your very best,
Looking your alriest, promenade Broadway.

CHORUS.

New York town starts all the fads of fashion's season:
Broadway's the judge that determines the "thing" in clothes;
When Broadway smiles, all of the swells give thanks, with reason—
Broadway governs the styles, and what she says, goes!

Though you may trace your ancestors
To Briton, Rome or Gaul;
Though you may have an acquaintance
With Astors, one and all,
Though you have recently been
To a Bradley-Martin ball,
Still you are not quite so warm,
And you may come to harm, best not get too gay.
Don't think that you can afford
To neglect the public eye,
For if you do, sure as fate,
It will know the reason why,
Take for your motto,
"My darling old Broadway till I die!"
Mix in society, shun impropriety,
Stick right on Broadway.—Chorus.

Captain of the Band

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.

Words by Will K. Hamilton. Music by Roy L. Burch.

I'm the major of this band, as you can plainly see;
With boomter and boomter, they blow the guns for me.
I'm an aristocratic man, of me they're all afraid.
We're on our way, by the break of day, for the inaugural parade.

CHORUS.

I'm the captain of this band, we are always in demand.
Horns of papier mache they now have learned to play,
And I'm the captain of this band, to them I doff my hat.
If any one can beat my time, they can stand where I am at.

I twirl my baton with ease, by a nail that's hidden from view,
That's on the Q. T. you know, I shouldn't have told it to you.
I haven't a word to say, for I'm a sight to see.
For ease and grace I am first in the race, and you all can bet on me.—Chorus.

(ENCORE VERSE.)

A mother one Fourth of July took her baby seeing the sights,
Of candles, spin-wheels and things, with blue and red colored lights.
A boy with a thing on a stick, imitating the young Davy Crockett.
Let the thing fly, struck the babe in the eye,
And the mother will let the sky rock it.—Chorus.

Don't Know---Don't Care

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.

Words and music by Louis Weelyn Jones.

Men makes ob women's hearts a jest ob dem;
Coons, dey's prezactly like de rest ob dem;
Gals, if yo' wants to get de best ob dem,
Jes' treat 'em as I did ma Jim.
Dat Jim takes annodder gal to Cooney Isle,
Treats her to watahmillion by de pile;
Nex' day he comes 'round wif dat same old smle,
But dis is what I says to him:

CHORUS.

"Seems like dat I was right fo' to doubt yo',
Don't care a continental about yo'.
Good coons, oh, dey is plenty wifout yo', 'most anywhere!
Don't dare to ebbber darken ma do' way;
Ma way, yo' niggah, 'tain't like yo' way,
No mattah where 'bouts yo' go, jes' so yo' go 'way,
Don't know—don't care!"

Jim says he didn't mean me no offense;
Says I se a trifle shy wif confidence;
Says he would give as much as fo'ty cents
To win me back to him once mo'.
But I says: "Shucks, yo's not the only coon!
I'll hab annodder man surprisin' soon,
'For de arisin' ob annodder moon,
An' in his face I shut de do'.—Chorus.

WHEN THE GIRL THAT YOU LOVE Says "Yes"

Copyright, 1897, by I. Whiteson. Foreign copyright secured.

Words by Wm. Fisher. Music by Theo. H. Northrup.

There's nothing so sweet in this world to hear,
When the girl that you love says "yes,"
How sweet are the kisses, and oh, the caress,
When the girl that you love says "yes."
'Tis said, with a sigh, there's a tear in her eye,
And you can't say a word, though you try;
But the bliss of that something you cannot express
When the girl that you love says "yes."

CHORUS.

When the girl that you love says "yes,"
And you linger in a fond caress,
There's a tear-drop in each eye,
With each kiss there comes a sigh,
When the girl that you love says "yes."

You picture the home with its warm fireside,
When the girl that you love says "yes,"
Her dear words to cheer you when cares sorely press,
When the girl that you love says "yes."
But the years quickly fly, and the last long good-bye,
And you kiss her soft cheeks with a sigh;
But you still feel that something of infinite bliss
When the girl that you love says "yes."

CHORUS.

When the girl that you love says "yes,"
And you linger in a fond caress,
There's a tear-drop in each eye,
With each kiss there comes a sigh,
When the girl that you love says "yes."

The Sweetest Little Trooper in the ARMY

Copyright, 1896, by I. Whiteson. Words and music by Lawrence McDonald.

I'm the sweetest little trooper in the army,
Always so jolly and gay.
I'm a winsome wee trooper, a handsome wee trooper,
With a cute and charming way.
You bet I'm a winner, a cunning little sinner,
Whene'er there's a heart at stake,
With my roguish blue eyes, I capture the prize,
And many a heart I break.

CHORUS.

I'm the sweetest little trooper in the army,
Every day, when on parade, the girls all cry,
As I march by, there he goes, there he goes,
The bravest little trooper in the army;
Always looks so neat, with a heart so brave and true,
His life he'd give for you,
He's the sweetest little trooper in the army.

I'm the bravest little trooper in the army,
You can hear every one say,
I'm a gallant wee trooper, a fearless wee trooper,
Always ready for a fray.
When the war bugles blow, to the front I'll march and go,
Where duty and honor calls,
With my life in my hand, I'll stand like a man,
And fight for my country's cause.

CHORUS.

I'm the sweetest little trooper in the army,
Every day, when on parade, the girls all cry,
As I march by, there he goes, there he goes,
The bravest little trooper in the army;
Always looks so neat, with a heart so brave and true,
His life he'd give for you,
He's the sweetest little trooper in the army.



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YOU'RE ALL RIGHT BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN

Copyright, 1898, by Morris & Fox. Words by R. J. Morris. Music by Russell Fox.

A coon he had a yaller gal, and loved her dearly, too;
He would call around each ev'ning and swear dat he'd be true.
He bought her lots of presents and squandered all his money
On dis little yaller gal he used to call his honey,
But he met his hoodoo in a game of craps one day;
He went broke, got in trouble and had to go away.
And when he came back looking for his honey gal one day,
She had another man, and to that coon these words did say:

CHORUS.

You're all right, but you can't come in;
You was a real good fellow when you had lots of tin,
But while you've been away, another man my heart did win,
You're all right, niggah, but you can't come in.

Dis coon for satisfaction now, he started out one night,
And brought along his razor to carve his man on sight,
He went down to a cake walk, he knew his man would be there,
An' when he saw dat niggah, to carve him he did prepare.
But the bouncers grabbed him and with him cleaned the floor,
They beat him something scald'ous, and fired him out the door.
They threw him down a flight of stairs and kicked him on the shin,
And all joined in this little song, and sang these words to him:

CHORUS.

You're all right, but you can't come in,
You was a real good fellow till you got full of gin.
When you start trouble here, why you have got no chance to win;
You're all right, niggah, but you can't come in.

MATILDA, WHAR'S YER COON?

Copyright, 1899, by A. M. Hall. Words and Music by J. W. Lerman.

I'se in a heap ob trubble 'cos I done gone lost ma man,
An' why he lef' me in de lurch I does not understand;
Dat nigger sneak'd w/out a word, he neber said "good-bye."
An' tho' he swore he'd stick ter me, he hooked it on de sly.
At first I thought dat he wuz on'y joking fer a bluff,
But now I knows dat low down coon done shook me sho' enuff.
In darktown I'm de laughing stock wheneber I goes out,
An' when dey ketches sight ob me dey all begins ter shout:

REFRAIN.

Matilda, whar's yer coon? Will he come back soon?
Don't yer think it's very wrong fer yer honey to stay so long?
Since dat nigger went away yer watchin' fer him eb'ry day:
He's done bin gone since last new-moon, Matilda, whar's yer coon?

We used ter go out walkin' eb'ry night, an' Sundays, too,
An' all de wenches in de town wuz feelin' mighty blue;
It used ter make 'em jealous fer ter see me take his arm,
An' proudly walk beside ma coon, jes' like I owned a farm.
But sence dat rascal skipp'd de town, dey has de laugh on me;
I neber has a bit ob rest whereber I may be.
As soon as I go out o' doors I'm sho' ter be waylaid,
An' in my dreams mos' eb'ry night I hears dis serenade:

REFRAIN.

Matilda, whar's yer coon? Will he come back soon?
Don't yer think it's very wrong fer yer honey to stay so long?
Since dat nigger went away yer watchin' fer him eb'ry day:
He's done bin gone since last new-moon, Matilda, whar's yer coon?

IF DAT'S YOUR DREAM, COON, JUST WAKE UP

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas. English copyright secured.

Words by Andrew Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

A coon who thought he was a dead-swell sport
Used to come around tormentin' Mandy Brown,
He was such a fabricator, dat he used to agitate her
Till one day she called him down.
For the bluff he threw about de dough he never blew
And the honeymoon they'll spend when they were wed,
Used to make her sad and tearful, 'cause he lied to her so cheerful;
So one day to him she said:

CHORUS.

"Ev'ry single night, when you creep into bed,
Funny money dreams go a-creepin' thro' your head;
In your imagination you are flyin' mighty high;
You'll fall clean out of bed some night and find dat you are shy,
And owe yourself some money, coon, instead.
Believe me, Mister nigger, for I most sincerely hope
You haven't been in Chinatown a-smoking dat cheap old dope.
You may think that you can con me 'bout de dough you'd spend upon me,
When you couldn't feed a bulldog pup.
If dat's your dream, coon, just wake up!"

He said: "I'll bring a lovely diamond ring,
There is nuthin' that you couldn't have on earth,
If you'll give your hand in marriage, you can have a horse & carriage,
I'll spend every cent I'm worthin'."
But Miss Mandy said: Let me tell you on de dead,
You'll come out of it all right, coon, bye and bye;
You'll be sorry you awoke, sir, when you find you're stony broke, sir,
Then he heard her softly cry:—Chorus.



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When Mammy Puts Her Pickaninny BOY TO BED

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Perrin and Wiae.

There's a darkey mammy down in old Virginia,
Where the ivy creeps around the cabin door.
She has a pickaninny boy, who is her only pride and joy,
And ev'ry day she loves her baby more and more,
When the evening breeze in softness sighs around them,
When the moonbeams mellow rays o'er them shed,
In a voice of love so clear, o'er and o'er these words he'll hear,
When mammy puts her pickaninny boy to bed.

CHORUS.

"Bye, lo, bye, hush, my little tootsie, wootsie, close your china eyes;
If you cry, your mammy's gwine to spank you,
And give you to the bogie man to-morrow morning;
Go to sleep, or Jackie Frost will surely bite you;
Cover up your head, go to sleep, my baby, do,"
Cabin tolls, that day, are thro',
When mammy puts her pickaninny boy to bed.

Then this little coon would nestle in his cradle,
While his mammy cooked the supper for his dad,
But he soon would get a fright, begin to cry with all his might,
And that would make his daddy very, very mad,
Then he'd tell him that the bogie owl would eat him,
While his shiny eyes their fright'ning tears would shed,
Then his tears would pass away when these words to him he'd say,
As mammy puts her pickaninny boy to bed.—Chorus.

Those Cruel Words, "Good-Bye."

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by J. Fred Helf.

You think it best we part, love, you and I?
That I would soon forget you if I'd try?
You do not know, dear, what you ask,
You do not know how hard the task,
The love I bear for you can never die!
I'm always happiest when you are nigh,
Those golden moments, how they seem to fly,
I'll cherish them until the last,
Yet you wish me to forget the past,
And say to you those cruel words, "good-bye."

CHORUS.

"Good-bye!" cruel words, good-bye!
How many loving hearts they've caused to sigh,
When from one whom we love dear we are off compelled to hear
Those cruel, heartless, parting words, "good-bye!"

Do you recall the day when first we met?
Those happy hours we spent, can you forget?
'Twas then you promised that you'd be
As true as stars above to me,
I loved you then, dear one, I love you yet!
You bid me go, but still you say not why,
Nor tell me who's at fault, dear, you or I,
But all that's left me, if we part,
Are tears, regrets, a broken heart,
And memories of those cruel words, "good-bye."—Chorus.

Charlie's Sweetheart

Copyright, 1897, by Harry F. Cook. Words and Music by Harry F. Cook.

When I was mamma's little darling, she held me on her knee;
Now I am someone's sweetheart, he does the same to me.
The lights in the parlor were dim as I sat on his knee,
And he asked if his little sweetheart I would be.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different had mamma been near.

CHORUS.

Oh, isn't it nice, boys, yes, you all know;
To be someone's sweetheart, to hug and kiss you so.
The light in the parlor was dim, as I sat on his knee
Listening to the sweet things he was saying to me.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different, had mamma been near.

Now there, dear, don't turn your face to the wall;
I'll not give you away, Charlie, I'll not tell all.
The lights in the parlor were dim, as I sat on his knee,
Listening to the sweet promise you then made me.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different had mamma been near.—Chorus.
Now Freddie dear says he'll have me, too, you see,
And Charlie dear swears he can't live without me.
The lights in the parlor were dim, as I sat on his knee,
And promised Charlie his little sweetheart I would be.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different, had mamma been near.—Chorus.

SINCE MA PO' JOE'S GONE

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas.

By Samuel Lehman.

Ise a-gwine to tell you 'bout my po' boy Joe.
Dey done put him whar' I'll neber see him mo';
For he's gone to jine de angels, an' in heaven he will be,
An' I'se a-gwine to jine him w'en de good Lord calls on me.
He was de only pickaninny dat I had.
Now dey done took him an' Ise so awful sad,
An' w'en I go whar' he used to play seems to me I hears him say:

CHORUS.

Mammy, come to me, come to me,
For Ise cotched a bee, cotched a bee,
An' he's trying very hard to bite me.
Mammy I'll do as you say an' let him free.

All de litte pickaninnys lub'd my Joe.
Dey always used to follow him whar'er he'd go;
Dey would run around de hillside an' go fishin' in de branch,
Den dey'd feed de ducks an' chickens an' de cows down on de ranch.
But now it is so diff'rent, since ma po' chile's gone,
De ole house seems so empty an' de day seem long.
An' w'en I go whar' he used to play seems to me I hears him say:—Chorus.

The Darkey's Home, Sweet Home

Copyright, 1899, by Jos. Morria. Words and Music by Chas. E. Barr.

There's a spot in Alabama, where the birds sing all the day,
And nature seems to always be in tune;
Where the darkeys gather nightly in the good old-fashioned way,
And trum the banjo 'neath the Southern moon.
It is there my heart is turning as I sit alone to-night,
The mem'ry brings the teardrop and a sigh,
And I long to sit with Nellie by the little cabin white,
And live again those happy days gone by.

CHORUS.

The honeysuckle twines around the dear old cabin door,
But strangers tread the path we lov'd to roam,
And tho' now I'm far away, fancy lingers evermore,
'Round the darkey's home, sweet home.

Ev'ry note from my old banjo takes me back to her again,
In dreams I see the path we loved to roam,
And my eyes are red with weeping and my heart is sore with pain;
I long to see our humble little home,
Near the cabin in the clearing there's a little mound alone,
The breezes whisper softly as they blow,
And the name of my dark Nellie is engraven on the stone,
I placed it there just twenty years ago.—Chorus.

SHE WAS BORN IN OLD VIRGINIA

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.
Words by J. Vickery Langhorne. Music by Robert E. Whittemore.

You may all talk of your beauties, of the girls you've loved the best,
But on a sunny Southern shore lived the one I loved so dear;
Her eyes were bright as dewdrops, and her cheeks blush'd like the rose;
She was sweeter than the rarest flower that in any garden grows;
I first met her in the meadow—of course, by chance, you know,
For the church path it runs through it, and there she'd always go,
Then when a few weeks later, as I wandered by her side,
A kiss I pressed upon her lips, and asked her to be my bride.

CHORUS.

She was born in old Virginia, she's a daughter of the South,
With eyes just like her native skies, pearly teeth and tempting mouth;
She was a dream of youthful beauty, and I'll love her evermore,
For the fairest girl in all the world lived on old Virginia's shore.

Many years have passed since that day when she promised to be mine,
While standing by the old church wall, the bells did sweetly chime,
Then life seemed bright and joyful with that dear girl by my side,
For she had made me happy, when yes she softly sighed,
But now alone as sad I stand in that same old church-yard,
For my loved one she has passed away, and here lies beneath the sod,
My love for her it is the same, I long for her dear face;
I'll love her while life may last, no one can take her place.—Chorus.

PROMISE THAT YOU'LL WED ME

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.
Words by George A. Norton. Music by Robt. E. Whittemore.

I love a little maiden young and fair,
Her voice is like a gentle summer breeze,
For other girls, alas! I do not care,
But her my one ambition is to please;
We quarreled, but I met her, beneath the starry skies;
That she'd forgive me not I was afraid;
But as I begged forgiveness, a light shone in her eyes,
That encouraged me, and then to her I said:

CHORUS.

Oh, my sweetheart, I love you,
Give me your promise—darling, believe me, for I will be true;
Don't cast me aside, dear, whatever you may do;
Promise that you'll wed me, for I love but you.

Oh, tell me do you love me as of old,
Is there love in your pure heart for me?
Sweetheart, as your little hand I hold,
So you hold my future destiny;
Oh, do not keep me waiting, but whisper, "I love you."
As I spoke thus, my sweetheart softly sighed;
And as she gently whispered, in these words so sweet and true,
To all my vows of love she then replied:

CHORUS.

Oh, my sweetheart, I love you,
I'll gladly wed you—dearest, believe me, I speak but those true,
Sweet words that come in love from my heart;
Wed me, and in life we nevermore shall part.

SPORTING SAL

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.
Words by J. V. Langhorne. Music by John J. Graf.

Listen, coons, and about her I will tell,
De belle of the cake walk, she am dead swell,
She am a trifle feverish, an' sure as yer born,
She's de onliest gal what for me has a charm;
Take warning, niggers, don't try to cut a dash,
If yer gets ferralier, coon, meat I will slash,
I'se a bad nigger when my blood gets warm,
Keep away from Sportin' Sal, or I'll do yer harm.

CHORUS.

My Sal, she am to me de dearest coon gal,
My heart goes flip-flop when at her I gits a sight;
Niggers, don't pine for dis yellor gal of mine,
For I'se marryin' her one day next Tuesday night.

I first met her in de corn-field,
De kind moon lent us his bright light,
An' though I am a little cloudy-colored,
My Sally she am very bright,
She was so sweet an' enticing,
As she was standin' right dere,
Dat words of luv I said to her,
Wed none but ears of corn to hear.—Chorus.

At ev'ry dance around our town,
It am dead sure dat my Sal be found,
De coons dey come from far and near
To see the togs what Sally do wear;
Klondike diamonds are the go,
And dem Sal wears, do become her so,
Dat when we whirl in airy maze,
My Sportin' Sal am in a blaze.—Chorus.

I WISH I COULD SEE MOTHER NOW

Copyright, 1898, by Pole Raughley. Words and Music by Pole Raughley.

There's a moss-covered cot that is dower
Than a mansion would be to me.
'Twas the home of my dear old mother,
And the place I am longing to see;
Poor mother has died since I left her,
She rests with the angels, I trow;
I know she is happy in heaven,
How I wish I could see mother now.

CHORUS.

I wish I could see mother now, as she once fondly kissed my brow, [now,
I'll meet her some day, in heaven I pray, how I wish I could see mother

I remember the days of my childhood,
And the pleasures I had when a boy,
And the mem'ry of my dear old mother
Brings back to me many a joy;
In fancy I see at the window
My dear mother's fair wrinkled brow,
And I cherish the advice she gave me,
How I wish I could see mother now.—Chorus.

'Tis years since I left her to wander,
Alone o'er this wide world to roam,
How often I've wished for my mother,
And a sight of that once dear old home;
She told me the day that I left her,
To always be honest and true,
And remember, my boy, while you're wand'ring,
Your mother's the best friend to you.—Chorus.

You're All Right AS FAR AS YOUR MONEY GOES.

Copyright, 1896, by Harry F. Cook. Words and Music by Harry F. Cook.

While strolling out the other night the sights to see,
I met a dashing girl, and this she said to me:
"Ah! there, my dear, will you go out just for a lark
This pleasant evening, as I strolled on through the park,
We'll take in the sights, for everybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes."

CHORUS.

Boys, this is what she said to me in her winning way,
Remember when out for a lark, for pleasures you must pay,
So cheer up, my boy, for ev'rybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes.

Such sights did I see, and such things did I hear,
While going the rounds with this dashing dear,
We wined and we dined, at such queer places did call,
The wine, it flowed freely, so did whiskey and all,
Such were the sights I saw, everybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

I went rolling home with an elegant jag on,
Got up in the morning with a double head on,
Not a "nic" in my pocket to get a drink on,
Not a friend to lend me a dime on
The rollicking good time I had, it plainly shows
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

Now all you young men that are going out for a lark,
Beware of this young blonde that you'll meet in the park,
While going the rounds, and the sights to see,
She'll take you in tow and break you as she did me;
It's one of the pleasures you pay for, everybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

PRETTY EYES OF BLUE

Copyright, 1896, by Harry F. Cook. By Harry F. Cook.

Do you remember parting at the gate? pretty eyes of blue;
And the promise then you made? 'twas: "I love you, I'll be true."
The stars were shining brightly, and the moon was smiling, too,
As we stood at the gate, and I stole a kiss from you,
'Twas the happiest moment of my life, 'tis true,
The sweetest girl is my pretty eyes of blue.

CHORUS.

Off in dreams I behold thee,
And those pretty eyes of blue,
How I long to smooch those golden tresses,
And kiss those lips of cherry hue,
And press you to my heart, as in days of long ago,
As we stood at the gate and I stole a kiss from you;
'Twas the happiest moment of my life, 'tis true,
The sweetest girl is my pretty eyes of blue.

Fond recollection brings to me more dear, pretty eyes of blue;
And the songs you often sweetly sang to me long ago,
As we strolled by the brookside, and we courted in the twilight,
For you and I were lovers then, as we walked side by side,
Little did I think that we must part, 'tis true,
From you, my own darling, pretty eyes of blue.—Chorus.

Recall those unkind words, my own, my dear, pretty eyes of blue;
That makes us strangers now, though once we were lovers true,
The vow that thou hast broken dear, will surely break my heart,
And from you, my darling, I can never, never part,
'Twas the saddest moment of my life, 'tis true,
When we had parted, my pretty eyes of blue.—Chorus.



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A coon he had a yaller gal, and loved her dearly, too;
He would call around each ev'ning and swear dat he'd be true.
He bought her lots of presents and squandered all his money
On dis little yaller gal he used to call his honey,
But he met his hoodoo in a game of craps one day;
He went broke, got in trouble and had to go away.
And when he came back looking for his honey gal one day,
She had another man, and to that coon these words did say:

CHORUS.

You're all right, but you can't come in;
You was a real good fellow when you had lots of tin,
But while you've been away, another man my heart did win,
You're all right, niggah, but you can't come in.

Dis coon for satisfaction now, he started out one night,
And brought along his razor to carve his man on sight,
He went down to a cake walk, he knew his man would be there,
An' when he saw dat niggah, to carve him he did prepare.
But the bouncers grabbed him and with him cleaned the floor,
They beat him something scandalous, and fired him out the door,
They threw him down a flight of stairs and kicked him on the shin,
And all joined in this little song, and sang these words to him:

CHORUS.

You're all right, but you can't come in,
You was a real good fellow till you got full of gin,
When you start trouble here, why y'cu have got no chance to win;
You're all right, niggah, but you can't come in.

MATILDA, WHAR'S YER COON?

Copyright, 1899, by A. M. Hall. Words and Music by J. W. Lerman.

I'se in a heap ob trubble 'cos I done gone lost ma man,
An' why he lef' me in de lurch I does not understand;
Dat nigger sneak'd widout a word, he neber said "good-bye,"
An' tho' he swore he'd stick ter me, he hooked it on de sly.
At fust I thought dat he wuz on'y joking fer a bluff,
But now I knows dat low-down coon done shook me sho' enuff.
In darktown I'm de laughing stock whenever I goes out,
An' when dey ketches sight ob me dey all begins ter shout:

REFRAIN.

Matilda, whar's yer coon? Will he come back soon?
Don't yer think it's very wrong fer yer honey to stay so long?
Since dat nigger went away yer watchin' fer him eb'ry day;
He's done bin gone since last new-moon, Matilda, whar's yer coon?

We used ter go out walkin' eb'ry night, an' Sundays, too,
An' all de wenches in de town wuz feelin' mighty blue;
It used ter make 'em jealous fer ter see me take his arm,
An' proudly walk beside ma coon, jes' like I owned a farm,
But sence dat rascal skip'd de town, dey has de laugh on me;
I neber has a bit ob rest where'er I may be.
As soon as I go out o' doors I'm sho' ter be waylaid,
An' in my dreams mos' eb'ry night I hears dis serenade:

REFRAIN.

Matilda, whar's yer coon? Will he come back soon?
Don't yer think it's very wrong fer yer honey to stay so long?
Since dat nigger went away yer watchin' fer him eb'ry day;
He's done bin gone since last new-moon, Matilda, whar's yer coon?

IF DAT'S YOUR DREAM, COON, JUST WAKE UP

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas. English copyright secured.

Words by Andrew Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

A coon who thought he was a dead-swell sport
Used to come around tormentin' Mandy Brown,
He was such a fabricator, dat he used to agitate her
Till one day she called him down.
For the bluff he threw about de dough he never blew
And the honeymoon they'll spend when they were wed,
Used to make her sad and tearful, 'cause he lied to her so cheerful;
So one day to him she said:

CHORUS.

"Ev'ry single night, when you creep into bed,
Funny money dreams go a-creepin' thro' your head;
In your imagination you are flyin' mighty high;
You'll fall clean out of bed some night and find dat you are shy,
And owe yourself some money, coon, instead.
Believe me, Mister nigger, for I most sincerely hope
You haven't been in Chinatown a-smoking dat cheap old dope,
You may think that you can con me 'bout de dough you'd spend upon me,
When you couldn't feed a bulldog pup,
If dat's your dream, coon, just wake up!"

He said: "I'll bring a lovely di'mond ring,
There's nuthin' that you couldn't have on earth,
If you'll give your hand in marriage, you can have a horse & carriage,
I'll spend every cent I'm worth."
But Miss Mandy said: Let me tell you on de dead,
You'll come out of it all right, coon, bye and bye;
You'll be sorry you awoke, sir, when you find you're stony broke, sir,
Then he heard her softly cry:—Chorus.

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songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on
receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your
selection, for ONE DOLLAR, by H. J. WEHMAN,

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When Mammy Puts Her Pickaninny BOY TO BED

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Porriu and Wise.

There's a darkey mammy down in old Virginia,
Where the ivy creeps around the cabin door,
She has a pickaninny boy, who is her only pride and joy,
And ev'ry day she loves her baby more and more,
When the evening breeze in softness sighs around them,
When the moonbeams mellow rays are o'er them shed,
In a voice of love so clear, o'er and o'er these words he'll hear,
When mammy puts her pickaninny boy to bed.

CHORUS.

"Bye, lo, bye, hush, my little tootsie, wootsie, close your china eyes;
If you cry, your mammy's gwine to spank you,
And give you to the bogle man to-morrow morning;
Go to sleep, or Jackie Frost will surely bite you;
Cover up your head, go to sleep, my baby, do,"
Cabin toils, that day, are thro',
When mammy puts her pickaninny boy to bed.

Then this little coon would nestle in his cradle,
While his mammy cooked the supper for his dad,
But he soon would get a fright, begin to cry with all his might,
And that would make his daddy very, very mad,
Then he'd tell him that the bogle owl would eat him,
While his shiny eyes their fright'ning tears would shed,
Then his tears would pass away when these words to him he'd say,
As mammy puts her pickaninny boy to bed.—Chorus.

Those Cruel Words, "Good-Bye."

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by J. Fred Helf.

You think it best we part, love, you and I?
That I would soon forget you if I'd try?
You do not know, dear, what you ask,
You do not know how hard the task,
The love I bear for you can never die!
I'm always happiest when you are nigh,
Those golden moments, how they seem to fly,
I'll cherish them until the last,
Yet you wish me to forget the past,
And say to you those cruel words, "good-bye."

CHORUS.

"Good-bye!" cruel words, good-bye!
How many loving hearts they've caused to sigh,
When from one whom we love dear we are oft compelled to hear
Those cruel, heartless, parting words, "good-bye!"

Do you recall the day when first we met?
Those happy hours we spent, can you forget?
'Twas then you promised that you'd be
As true as stars above to me,
I loved you then, dear one, I love you yet!
You bid me go, but still you say not why,
Nor tell me who's at fault, dear, you or I,
But all that's left me, if we part,
Are tears, regrets, a broken heart,
And memories of those cruel words, "good-bye."—Chorus.

Charlie's Sweetheart

Copyright, 1897, by Harry F. Cook. Words and Music by Harry F. Cook.

When I was mamma's little darling, she held me on her knee;
Now I am someone's sweetheart, he does the same to me.
The lights in the parlor were dim as I sat on his knee,
And he asked if his little sweetheart I would be.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different had mamma been near.

CHORUS.

Oh, isn't it nice, boys, yes, you all know;
To be someone's sweetheart, to hug and kiss you so.
The light in the parlor was dim, as I sat on his knee,
Listening to the sweet things he was saying to me.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different, had mamma been near.

Now there, dear, don't turn your face to the wall;
I'll not give you away, Charlie, I'll not tell all.
The lights in the parlor were dim, as I sat on his knee,
Listening to the sweet promise you then made me.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different had mamma been near.—Chorus.

Now Freddie dear says he'll have me, too, you see,
And Charlie dear swears he can't live without me.
The lights in the parlor were dim, as I sat on his knee,
And promised Charley his little sweetheart I would be.
It made me feel, oh, so very, very queer;
It might have been different, had mamma been near.—Chorus.

SINCE MA PO' JOE'S GONE

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas.

By Samuel Lehman.

Ise a gwine to tell you 'bout my po' boy Joe.
Dey done put him whar' I'll neber see him mo';
For he's gone to jine de angels, an' in heaven he will be,
An' Ise a gwine to jine him w'en de good Lord calls on me.
He was de only pickaninny dat I had.
Now dey done took him an' Ise so awful sad,
An' w'en I go whar' he used to play seems to me I hears him say:

CHORUS.

Mammy, come to me, come to me,
For Ise cotched a bee, cotched a bee,
An' he's trying very hard to bite me.
Mammy I'll do as you say an' let him free.

All de little pickaninnys lub'd my Joe,
Dey always used to follow him whare'er he'd go;
Dey would run around de hillside an' go fishin' in de branch,
Den dey'd feed de ducks an' chickens an' de cows down on de ranch.
But now it is so diff'rent, since ma po' chile's gone,
De ole house seems so empty an' de day seem long.
An' w'en I go whar' he used to play seems to me I hears him say:—Chorus.

The Darkey's Home, Sweet Home

Copyright, 1899, by Jos. Morris. Words and Music by Chas. E. Barr.

There's a spot in Alabama, where the birds sing all the day,
And nature seems to always be in tune;
Where the darkeys gather nightly in the good old-fashioned way,
And trum the banjo 'neath the Southern moon.
It is there my heart is turning as I sit alone to-night,
The mem'ry brings the teardrop and a sigh,
And I long to sit with Nellie by the little cabin white,
And live again those happy days gone by.

CHORUS.

The honeysuckle twines around the dear old cabin door,
But strangers tread the path we lov'd to roam,
And tho' now I'm far away, fancy lingers evermore,
'Round the darkey's home, sweet home.

Ev'ry note from my old banjo takes me back to her again,
In dreams I see the path we loved to roam,
And my eyes are red with weeping and my heart is sore with pain;
I long to see our humble little home,
Near the cabin in the clearing there's a little mound alone,
The breezes whisper softly as they blow,
And the name of my dark Nellie is engraven on the stone,
I placed it there just twenty years ago.—Chorus.

SHE WAS BORN IN OLD VIRGINIA

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.
Words by J. Vickery Langhorne. Music by Robert E. Whittemore.

You may all talk of your beauties, of the girls you've loved the best,
But on a sunny Southern shore lived the one I loved so dear;
Her eyes were bright as dewdrops, and her cheeks blush'd like the rose;
She was sweeter than the rarest flower that in any garden grows;
I first met her in the meadow—of course, by chance, you know,
For the church path it runs through it, and there she'd always go,
Then when a few weeks later, as I wandered by her side,
A kiss I pressed upon her lips, and asked her to be my bride.

CHORUS.

She was born in old Virginia, she's a daughter of the South,
With eyes just like her native skies, pearly teeth and tempting mouth;
She was a dream of youthful beauty, and I'll love her evermore,
For the fairest girl in all the world lived on old Virginia's shore.

Many years have passed since that day when she promised to be mine,
While standing by the old church wall, the bells did sweetly chime,
Then life seemed bright and joyful with that dear girl by my side,
For she had made me happy, when yes she softly sighed,
But now alone as sad I stand in that same old church-yard,
For my loved one she has passed away, and here lies beneath the sod,
My love for her it is the same, I long for her dear face,
I'll love her while life may last, no one can take her place.—Chorus.

PROMISE THAT YOU'LL WED ME

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.
Words by George A. Norton. Music by Robt. E. Whittemore.

I love a little maiden young and fair,
Her voice is like a gentle summer breeze,
For other girls, alas! I do not care,
But her my one ambition is to please;
We quarreled, but I met her, beneath the starry skies;
That she'd forgive me not I was afraid;
But as I begged forgiveness, a light shone in her eyes,
That encouraged me, and then to her I said:

CHORUS.

Oh, my sweetheart, I love you,
Give me your promise—darling, believe me, for I will be true;
Don't cast me aside, dear, whatever you may do;
Promise that you'll wed me, for I love but you.

Oh, tell me do you love me as of old,
Is there love in your pure heart for me?
Sweetheart, as your little hand I hold,
So you hold my future destiny;
Oh, do not keep me waiting, but whisper, "I love you."
As I spoke thus, my sweetheart softly sighed;
And as she gently whispered, in these words so sweet and true,
To all my vows of love she then replied:

CHORUS.

Oh, my sweetheart, I love you,
I'll gladly wed you—dearest, believe me, I speak but those true,
Sweet words that come in love from my heart;
Wed me, and in life we nevermore shall part.

SPORTING SAL

Used by permission of Langhorne Music Co. Copyright, 1898, by J. V. Langhorne.
Words by J. V. Langhorne. Music by John J. Graf.

Listen, coons, and about her I will tell,
De belle of the cake walk, she am dead swell,
She am a trifle feverish, an' sure as yer born,
She's de onliest gal what for me has a charm;
Take warning, niggers, don't try to cut a dash,
If yer gets fermillyer, coon, meat I will slash,
I'se a bad nigger when my blood gets warm,
Keep away from Sportin' Sal, or I'll do yer harm.

CHORUS.

My Sal, she am to me de dearest coon gal,
My heart goes flip-flop when at her I gits a sight;
Niggers, don't pine for dis yellor gal of mine,
For I'se marryin' her one day next Tuesday night.

I first met her in de corn field,
De kind moon lent us his bright light,
An' though I am a little cloudy-colored,
My Sally she am very bright,
She was so sweet an enticing,
As she was standin' right dere,
Bat words of luv I said to her,
Wid none but ears of corn to hear.—Chorus.

At ev'ry dance around our town,
It am dead sure dat my Sal be found,
De coons dey come from far and near
To see the togs what Sally do wear;
Klondike diamonds are de go,
And dem Sal wears, do become her so,
Dat when we whirl in airy maze,
My Sportin' Sal am in a blaze.—Chorus.

I WISH I COULD SEE MOTHER NOW

Copyright, 1895, by Pole Raughley. Words and Music by Pole Raughley.

There's a moss-covered cot that is dearer
Than a mansion would be to me,
'Twas the home of my dear old mother,
And the place I am longing to see;
Poor mother has died since I left her,
She rests with the angels, I trow;
I know she is happy in heaven,
How I wish I could see mother now.

CHORUS.

I wish I could see mother now, as she once fondly kissed my brow, [now,
I'll meet her some day, in heaven I pray, how I wish I could see mother

I remember the days of my childhood,
And the pleasures I had when a boy,
And the mem'ry of my dear old mother
Brings back to me many a joy;
In fancy I see at the window
My dear mother's fair wrinkled brow,
And I cherish the advice she gave me,
How I wish I could see mother now.—Chorus.

'Tis years since I left her to wander,
Alone o'er this wide world to roam,
How often I've wished for my mother,
And a sight of that once dear old home;
She told me the day that I left her,
To always be honest and true,
And remember, my boy, while you're wand'ring,
Your mother's the best friend to you.—Chorus.

You're All Right AS FAR AS YOUR MONEY GOES.

Copyright, 1896, by Harry F. Cook. Words and Music by Harry F. Cook.

While strolling out the other night the sights to see,
I met a dashing girl, and this she said to me:
"Ah! there, my dear, will you go out just for a lark
This pleasant evening, as I strolled on through the park,
We'll take in the sights, for everybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes."

CHORUS.

Boys, this is what she said to me in her winning way,
"Remember when out for a lark, for pleasures you must pay,
So cheer up, my boy, for ev'rybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes."

Such sights did I see, and such things did I hear,
While going the rounds with this dashing dear,
We wined and we dined, at such queer places did call,
The wine, it flowed freely, so did whiskey and all,
Such were the sights I saw, everybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

I went rolling home with an elegant jag on,
Got up in the morning with a double head on,
Not a "nic" in my pocket to get a drink on,
Not a friend to lend me a dime on
The rollicking good time I had, it plainly shows
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

Now all you young men that are going out for a lark,
Beware of this young blonde that you'll meet in the park,
While going the rounds, and the sights to see,
She'll take you in tow and break you as she did me;
It's one of the pleasures you pay for, everybody knows
You're all right as far as your money goes.—Chorus.

PRETTY EYES OF BLUE

Copyright, 1896, by Harry F. Cook. By Harry F. Cook.

Do you remember parting at the gate? pretty eyes of blue;
And the promise then you made? 'twas: "I love you, I'll be true."
The stars were shining brightly, and the moon was smiling, too,
As we stood at the gate, and I stole a kiss from you,
'Twas the happiest moment of my life, 'tis true,
The sweetest girl is my pretty eyes of blue.

CHORUS.

Off in dreams do I behold thee,
And those pretty eyes of blue,
How I long to smooth those golden tresses,
And kiss those lips of cherry hue,
And press you to my heart, as in days of long ago,
As we stood at the gate and I stole a kiss from you;
'Twas the happiest moment of my life, 'tis true,
The sweetest girl is my pretty eyes of blue.

Fond recollection brings to me more dear, pretty eyes of blue;
And the songs you often sweetly sang to me long ago,
As we strolled by the brookside, and we courted in the twilight,
For you and I were lovers then, as we walked side by side,
Little did I think that we must part, 'tis true,
From you, my own darling, pretty eyes of blue.—Chorus.

Recall those unkind words, my own, my dear, pretty eyes of blue;
That makes us strangers now, though once we were lovers true,
The vow that thou hast broken dear, will surely break my heart,
And from you, my darling, I can never, never part,
'Twas the saddest moment of my life, 'tis true,
When we had parted, my pretty eyes of blue.—Chorus.



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I'se Gwine to Make a Home for Baby

Copyright, 1899, by Bonnell & Lowmeyer.

Words by Ben Lowmeyer. Music by Otto Bonnell.

I asked her to marry, and my lady love said,
"First make a home for your baby;"
Then this funny thought comes into my head,
"I'll win at the races, maybe."
I bet on a horse that was made of tin.
Says I, mister horse, won't you please and win;
That blame, lazy horse, he never came in,
To make a home for my baby.

CHORUS.

So I'se got to quit my sporting,
Just one girl I'll be courting.
Then when I'm her supporting,
Come and dine with me;
Perhaps you may think it funny,
I'se gwine to save my money,
I'se gwine to make a home for baby.

I went 'round the city with a lot of the boys,
Just after leaving my baby;
They were singing songs and making a noise,
Each one was praising his baby;
A round of the drinks it did come quite high,
The boys said to me, "It's your turn to buy."
I gave them the laugh, and then I did cry,
I'se making a home for my baby.—*Chorus.*

I went out a-walking in the mellow moonlight,
Thinking o' nothing but baby;
When 'long comes a wizard with eyes so bright,
Forgot all about my baby;
Says she, "Come with me, and the sights I'll show."
I ought to know more than with her to go,
Before we got through I spent all my dough,
I needed it for my baby.—*Chorus.*

It's All Gone Now

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

I often sigh for absent friends and wish they would return,
There's some who owe me money, and for them I sadly yearn;
I sigh for my bright dollars that once made my heart rejoice,
I spent about a thousand once to cultivate my voice.

CHORUS.

But it's all gone now, it's all gone now,
Though once it sounded strong when I sang a little song;
And I've been sold, for I caught a cold
Drinking from wet glasses, so it's all gone now.

My brother never went to school and yet he knows a lot,
For he can cure the toothache or most any pain you've got;
He never uses medicine to cure each little ill,
A man who had the rheumatism came to brother Bill—

CHORUS.

And it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
"Before I cure," said he, "why, you'll have to pay my fee."
Then he paid Bill quick, and he made the man kick
A hole right through a window, and the PAIN'S gone now.

Moloney was a pugilist, and in a finish fight
The other fellow lauded on his forehead with his right;
It raised a tumor, and he sent a doctor on the case;
The doctor gave a salve to cure the tumor on his face.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
The TUMOR left his head, but there's TWO MORE there instead;
Still he kept right on, from night till morn,
To use the salve until his face is all gone now.

I never was a drinking man, but one thing I uphold,
That is to keep some whiskey 'round for fear of catching cold;
I kept a bottle in my room for many months, you see,
Until a prohibitionist came there to room with me.

CHORUS.

And, it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
He said he came to town just to put the liquor down;
And me he did convince that he's done it ever since,
I'll swear I never touched it, but it's all gone now.

Si Perkins came to town last week and tried to do the grand,
He said, "By Gosh, I'll see the sights as long as I can stand."
He walked as far as Hester Street and met a pretty maid,
And in his purse he had two hundred dollars, so he said.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
She treated him so nice, combed his whiskers once or twice—
And Si, by Gosh, once owned a watch,
A diamond ring and locket, but they're all gone now.

I met an old schoolmate to-day who really made me stare,
For he was quite baldheaded, though he once had lovely hair;
He told me how he lost it, 'twas in childhood, so he said,
To mend his pants behind, his mother stood him on his head.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, he's bald John now;
He'd a rabbit painted there, and you'd swear it WAS A HARE.
But a clench he's got, for when the weather's hot
He paints a cobweb on to keep the flies off now.



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There's Always a Welcome at Home

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman. Words and Music by Lavinia Marion.

A girl, whose age was just nineteen, left on the world alone,
With a little babe clasped to her breast, thought of days now past & gone;
Her first few months were happy and then his love grew cold.
He said, "I care for you no more!" the story oftentimes told.
To her parents she had written, and soon came a reply,
As she gazed into baby's face, a tear bedimmed her eye;
How well she knew the writing from mother far away,
With trembling hand she breaks the seal, this is what it did say:

REFRAIN.

There's always a welcome at home,
In the same place we still live alone,
What's been done has passed, so no questions we'll ask;
You know we think of you where'er you may roam;
Your little room looks just the same,
If you love us you'll come back again,
We'll be happy once more, as in days of yore,
There's always a welcome at home.

How she had loved and trusted him—her trust he did betray,
And cruelly he left her then, as near death's door she lay;
The parents read the letter, and with grief near went wild.
The answer was sent back that night to the poor, deserted child;
Very early the next morning she took a west-bound train,
And vowed that nevermore she'd leave the dear old home again;
The little babe was laughing, the mother's heart was gay,
For close to it the letter lay, whose contents read this way:—*Refrain.*

We Both Have the Same Dear Mother

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words by A. Warren. Music by Emily Smith.

Two brothers met by chance upon the street one Sunday morn,
One was dressed in grandest style, the other was ragged and torn—
"Is that you, Jack?" the poor man said, but he received a frown.
"I know you not," the rich man said, "so please pass up or down."
The poor man stood amazed, and at his brother gazed,
Thinking whether he would go or stay.
He heaved a heavy sigh, with teardrops in his eyes,
Then, turning to his brother, he did say:

CHORUS.

"We both have the same dear mother, we lived in the same old home,
Though our stern, old father once had cast you off to roam,
We all have our faults in life-time, with sorrows and troubles to smother;
My brother you'll be, thro' eternity, we both have the same dear mother."

The brothers stood some moments there, and then the rich one said:
"I know you'll forgive me, for you are my brother Ned,
But come now, Ned, and tell me true, how is our mother dear,
And stern, old father whom I had not seen for many years?"
Poor Ned then heaves a sigh, with sad tears in his eyes,
And with an aching heart, he starts to say:
"Our poor old father and dear mother are both dead,"
Two brothers were united there that day.—*Chorus.*

After Your Wandering, Come Home

Copyright, MDCCCXCV, by Henry J. Wehman. Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A story's often told about a maiden, young and fair,
Who through her love and pride had left her home;
And for awhile her loving parents missed their lassie there,
Not knowing where their wandering pet would roam;
At last she sent a message from a town not far away,
And there she got a letter from her Dad.
"You can't be happy now," he said; "you will return some day,
And make our hearts again feel light and glad."

REFRAIN.

"After your wandering, come home!"
That's what she read in the letter;
"Why did you leave us alone?
No one could love you better;
Keep this in mind, little girl,
No matter wherever you roam,
There are hearts fond and true, that are waiting for you—
After your wandering, come home!"

'Twas all because her father did not like the boy she loved;
"Come home," he wrote, "and you can marry Jack;
I know he loves our Bessie, and a worthy lad he's proved;
He's only waiting till you come back."
One morning, in the summer, she became a happy bride:
The old man was not sorry, after all;
Tho' Bessie went away awhile, 'twas all thro' love and pride,
And often they the tender words recall:—*Refrain.*

THINKING OF ONE SHE LOVES

Copyright, MDCCCXIV, by Henry J. Wehman. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Tom Couley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

In a cosy little parlor sits a maiden, young and fair,
And her eyes with love are shining, brightly golden is her hair,
Knitting deftly with her needle, as the gloaming's drawing nigh,
But of whom is she now thinking, as she breathes a tender sigh?
She is thinking of her laddie, far away from her is he,
For he is a gallant sailor, and his home is on the sea.
Day by day the maiden watches, from her post she'll never stir,
For she knows the time is coming when he'll soon return to her.

CHORUS.

Thinking of one she loves, dearer to her than life;
How her heart yearns; when he returns, she'll be his own dear wife.
Praying that he'll be safe, safe on the angry foam,
Praying each night to Heaven above, to send him back safely home.

Well, the story is but simple, for, when little children, they
Always played and romped together, in the sweetly, new-mown hay.
Years rolled on, they still were faithful, love's sweet passion on them grew
And when he sailed on the ocean, how he vowed that he'd be true,
And the maiden still proved constant, as the weary years rolled by;
Now she's waiting for her lover, for the time is drawing nigh.
Hark! the clock is softly ticking, and she never hesitates,
But she sits there in the parlor, and she watches, hopes, and waits.—*Chorus.*
But one day, in early spring-time, there's a dear, familiar voice,
And a step she hears approaching makes her eager heart rejoice;
Then a sailor, brown and sun-burnt, clasps his darling in his arms;
On her lips he rains sweet kisses, and he soothes her fond alarms.
They were married at the little village church upon the green,
It was but a simple wedding, but a happy, peaceful scene.
Now the maiden is contented, swiftly by the time does flit,
But she always will remember when alone she used to sit.—*Chorus.*

There'll Never Be a Girl Like You

Copyright, 1899, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.

By Karl Kennett & Lyn Udall.

I have known a score of maidens whom I thought were perfect quite,
And some whom I deemed even something more;
There was Rose and Kate and Molly, each in turn was my delight,
For I thought each fairer than the one before.
Although I loved them dearly and I love them dearly still,
And ever to their memory I'm true,
There's a different charm about you, and deny it tho' you will,
There will never be a girl like you.

REFRAIN.

There may be girls as pretty, just as witty and as smart;
There may be girls as loyal, just as loving and as true,
But there's something dear about you that has whisper'd to my heart,
There will never, no there'll never be a girl like you.

Tho' I cannot quite explain it, and I know not where it lies,
'Tis with you, love, wherever you may be;
In the music of your laughter, in the shyness of your eyes,
For the pure and tender heart you gave to me.
In years that lie before us, tho' we may drift far apart,
You'll find me ever loving, ever true,
And I never shall forget you, for I know within my heart
There will never be a girl like you.—*Refrain.*

TWO SWEETHEARTS OF MINE

Copyright, 1897, by J. C. Greene & Co. Words by E. P. Moran. Music by J. Fred Holt.

A crowd of young fellows one night at a club
Were telling of sweethearts they had;
All of them jolly excepting one youth,
And he seemed downhearted and sad.
"Come, Ned, won't you join us," his comrades then asked,
"For surely some girl has loved you;"
Then raising his head, as proudly he said,
"Why, boys, I'm in love with two."

CHORUS.

"One has hair of silv'ry gray, the other just like gold,
One is gay and youthful, while the other's bent and old;
But dearer than life are both to me, and from neither would I part,
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her, the other is my sweetheart."

My sweetheart, you see, is a poor working girl,
But still I'm determined to wed;
My father says, "No, it can never be so,
Go marry an heiress instead."
I've won mother over, she knows how it is,
When father met her she was poor;
She says, "Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet,
Father will consent, I am sure."—*Chorus.*

Since Mary Harris Went to Paris

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A girl named Mary Harris said she'd like to visit Paris,
And her father, who's a millionaire, said, "Daughter, we shall go."
Both bright and happy-hearted they were when the ship departed
For the land of sun and flowers, which Napoleon worshipped so;
They hadn't been in Paris but a week, when Mister Harris
Said he thought it best for Mary if no longer there they'd stay;
Directly home he brought her, Mary said he hadn't oughter,
But the people in the village with a knowing twinkle say:

CHORUS.

Since Mary Harris went to Paris, oh, dear me!
It seems so strange that such a change in her could be!
Before she left she'd never heard the saying, glass of beer;
But ask her now to have one, and she'll answer we musn't!

A girl named Kate McCarty with her sister gave a party,
They invited Mary Harris, who had just returned from France.
They'd lots of fun and singing, and a shout of joy went ringing
Thro' the house when Mary Harris said, "Suppose we have a dance."
The girls began debating and without a moment waiting
Mary started in to show them how to dance the French Quadrille;
Then kicking high and prancing 'round the room she went a-dancing,
And though all this happened weeks ago, the folks are saying still:—*Cho.*

I Can't Give up My Rough & Rowd'ish

WAYS

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and music by Geo. Graham.

My name is 'Rastus Johnson, I'm known for miles around
As the very toughest nigger that is in this town;
I raise all kind of trouble at a picnic or a ball,
I make all de coons stand back, for I can skeer dem all;
When I gets arrested, one policeman can't take me,
To get me to the station-house, it takes some two or three;
And when dey puts me in der jail, why I don't feel so sore,
For jail is just like home to me, for I've been dere before.

CHORUS.

I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways;
I suppose I'll be der same all of my days;
And wherever I does go, de people dey all know
I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways.

I went to a camp meeting, it was the other night,
And I only went dere just to raise a fight;
De preacher he was preaching as hard as he could preach,
When I took out my razor and cut ev'ry coon in reach.
De brothers and de sisters, dey all hollered long and loud,
When I sailed right in again and cleaned out de whole crowd;
De preacher says: "Now, Johnson, why did you behave dat way?"
I only looked up at him, and dese words to him did say:—*Chorus.*

The Words and Music of either of the above songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your selection, for ONE DOLLAR, by H. J. WEHMAN,

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OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame, [away,
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had strayed
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas Day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.

Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice,
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice,
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise,
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days,
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
When gathered thereon Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song:—*Cho.*

THE BLACK FOUR HUNDRED

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Irving Jones.

There's a club called Black Four Hundred, it's composed of dead swell
It's hotter than the Skidmore Guards, or the Order of Full Moons, [coons,
You'll see the latest styles and fashions when these coons parade,
They lay all other coon clubs in the shade;
You must wear pearls and diamonds if you want to be in line,
You've got to be a hot coon, and your clothing must be fine,
And when those coons turn out on Emancipation Day,
On the corners you will hear the wenches say:

CHORUS.

See the Black Four Hundred a-coming down the street;
Now, don't those coons look hot as along the street they trot?
If you listen, you'll hear the kinky-headed wenches say:
The Black Four Hundred are on parade to-day.

If you want to be a member, you must be an aristocrat,
You must wear patent-leather shoes, and a great big beaver hat;
For drilling and cake-walking, why, our equals can't be found,
The white folks say we're the hottest coons in town;
We're going to give a picnic and we're bound to have a crowd,
Because both guns and razors on the grounds will be allowed;
We're going to give a grand parade, quite early in the day,
Upon Fifth Avenue you'll hear them say:—*Chorus.*

EVERY DAY AT THE STATION

Copyright, 1897, by Carleton, Cavanagh & Co. Words and Music by Gusie L. Davis.

At a little railroad station sits an old man ev'ry day,
Waiting as tho' he expected some one from the far away.
And at night he homeward totters, with a teardrop in his eye,
To himself he sadly murmurs, she is coming bye and bye.
Now bereft of all his reason, with a sister lives alone,
When a young man made a fortune, built a mansion of his own;
But his fondest hopes were shattered, when a message came one day,
And the mem'ry haunts him ever, tho' he's feeble, old and gray.

CHORUS.

Every day at the station he waits and waits in vain,
Watching the many faces that pass on ev'ry train;
Who can it be that he sighs for from morning 'till eventide,
Every day at the station he waits for a promised bride.

Listen, I will tell the story, o'er and o'er it's told each day,
How when young he loved a maiden, were engaged, the people say;
On the morning of the wedding went to meet her at the train,
But a message handed to him broke his heart and wrecked his brain;
Thus it read: "The train has been wrecked that was bringing you your
My God, have I lost my darling! this the man then sadly cried, [bride."
Back to home then kind friends led him, where the wedding feast was
Ev'ry day since then he's waited at the station for the dead.—*Cho.* [spread,

MR. JOHNSON

Copyright, 1896, by Frank Hardin. Words and Music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'n'ing when eb'ryting was still, oh, babe,
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep,
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a-gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t'a quarter he could make de four;
He made dat point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jump'd through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;
Don't take me to de calaboose;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'n'ing when the sun was down, oh, babe;
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still,
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,
A big black coon was a-lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the dickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for to be turned loose,
Got no chance for a good excuse.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good;
And now he's playin' seben eben,
'Wag up yonder in the nigger heab'n;
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

I'se Gwine to Make a Home for Baby

Copyright, 1903, by Bonnell & Lowenmeyer.
Words by Ben Lowenmeyer. Music by Otto Bonnell.

I asked her to marry, and my lady love said,
"First make a home for your baby;"
Then this funny thought comes into my head,
"I'll win at the races, maybe."
I bet on a horse that was made of tin.
Says I, mister horse, won't you please and win;
That blame, lazy horse, he never came in,
To make a home for my baby.

CHORUS.

So I'se got to quit my sporting,
Just one girl I'll be courting.
Then when I'm her supporting,
Come and dine with me;
Perhaps you may think it funny,
I'se gwine to save my niquey,
I'se gwine to make a home for baby.

I went 'round the city with a lot of the boys,
Just after leaving my baby;
They were singing songs, and making a noise,
Each one was praising his baby;
A round of the drinks it did come quite high.
The boys said to me, "It's your turn to buy."
I gave them the laugh, and then I did cry,
I'se making a home for my baby.—*Chorus.*

I went out a-walking in the mellow moonlight,
Thinking o' nothing but baby;
When 'long comes a wizard with eyes so bright,
Forgot all about my baby;
Says she, "Come with me, and the sights I'll show."
I ought to know more than with her to go,
Before we got through I spent all my dough,
I needed it for my baby.—*Chorus.*

It's All Gone Now

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.
Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

I often sigh for absent friends and wish they would return.
There's some who owe me money, and for them I sadly yearn;
I sigh for my bright dollars that once made my heart rejoice,
I spent about a thousand once to cultivate my voice.

CHORUS.

But it's all gone now, it's all gone now,
Though once it sounded strong when I sang a little song;
And I've been sold, for I caught a cold
Drinking from wet glasses, so it's all gone now.

My brother never went to school and yet he knows a lot,
For he can cure the toothache or most any pain you've got;
He never uses medicine to cure each little ill.
A man who had the rheumatism came to brother Bill—

CHORUS.

And it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
"Before I cure," said he, "why, you'll have to pay my fee."
Then he paid Bill quick, and he made the man kick
A hole right through a window, and the PANE'S gone now.

Moloney was a pugilist, and in a finish fight
The other fellow landed on his forehead with his right;
It raised a tumor, and he sent a doctor on the case;
The doctor gave a salve to cure the tumor on his face.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
The TUMOR left his head, but there's TWO MORE there instead;
Still he kept right on, from night till morn,
To use the salve until his face is all gone now.

I never was a drinking man, but one thing I uphold,
That is to keep some whiskey 'round for fear of catching cold;
I kept a bottle in my room for many months, you see,
Until a prohibitionist came there to room with me.

CHORUS.

And, it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
He said he came to town just to put the liquor down;
And me he did convince that he's done it ever since,
I'll swear I never touched it, but it's all gone now.

Si Perkins came to town last week and tried to do the grand,
He said, "By Gosh, I'll see the sights as long as I can stand."
He walked as far as Hester Street and met a pretty maid,
And in his purse he had two hundred dollars, so he said.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
She treated him so nice, combed his whiskers once or twice—
And Si, by Gosh, once owned a watch,
A diamond ring and locket, but they're all gone now.

I met an old schoolmate to-day who really made me stare,
For he was quite baldheaded, though he once had lovely hair;
He told me how he lost it, 'twas in childhood, so he said,
To mend his pants behind, his mother stood him on his head.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, he's bald John now;
He'd a rabbit painted there, and you'd swear it was a HARE.
But a cinch he's got, for when the weather's hot
He paints a cobweb on to keep the flies off now.



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There's Always a Welcome at Home

Copyright, MDCCCXCVII, by Henry J. Wehman. Words and Music by Dave Marion.

A girl, whose age was just nineteen, left on the world alone,
With a little babe clasped to her breast, thought of days now past & gone;
Her first few months were happy and then his love grew cold.
He said, "I care for you no more!" the story oftentimes told.
To her parents she had written, and soon came a reply,
As she gazed into baby's face, a tear bedimmed her eye;
How well she knew the writing from mother far away,
With trembling hand she breaks the seal, this is what it did say:

REFRAIN.

There's always a welcome at home,
In the same place we still live alone,
What's been done has passed, so no questions we'll ask;
You know we think of you where'er you may roam;
Your little room looks just the same,
If you love us you'll come back again,
We'll be happy once more, as in days of yore,
There's always a welcome at home.

How she had loved and trusted him—her trust he did betray,
And cruelly he left her then, as near death's door she lay;
The parents read the letter, and with grief near went wild.
The answer was sent back that night to the poor, deserted child;
Very early the next morning she took a west-bound train,
And vowed that nevermore she'd leave the dear old home again;
The little babe was laughing, the mother's heart was gay,
For close to it the letter lay, whose contents read this way:—*Refrain.*

We Both Have the Same Dear Mother

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.
Words by A. Warren. Music by Emily Smith.

Two brothers met by chance upon the street one Sunday morn,
One was dressed in grandest style, the other was ragged and torn—
"Is that you, Jack?" the poor man said, but he received a frown.
"I know you not," the rich man said, "so please pass up or down."
The poor man stood amazed, and at his brother gazed,
Thinking whether he would go or stay.
He heaved a heavy sigh, with teardrops in his eyes,
Then, turning to his brother, he did say:

CHORUS.

"We both have the same dear mother, we lived in the same old home,
Though our stern, old father once had cast you off to roam,
We all have our faults in life-time, with sorrows and troubles to smother;
My brother you'll be, thro' eternity, we both have the same dear mother."

The brothers stood some moments there, and then the rich one said:
"I know you'll forgive me, for you are my brother Ned,
But come now, Ned, and tell me true, how is our mother dear,
And stern, old father whom I had not seen for many years?"
Poor Ned then heaved a sigh, with sad tears in his eyes,
And with an aching heart, he starts to say:
"Our poor old father and dear mother are both dead,"
Two brothers were united there that day.—*Chorus.*

After Your Wandering, Come Home

Copyright, MDCCCXCV, by Henry J. Wehman. Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A story's often told about a maiden, young and fair,
Who through her love and pride had left her home;
And for awhile her loving parents missed their lassie there,
Not knowing where their wandering pet would roam;
At last she sent a message from a town not far away,
And there she got a letter from her Dad.
"You can't be happy now," he said; "you will return some day,
And make our hearts again feel light and glad."

REFRAIN.

"After your wandering, come home!"
That's what she read in the letter;
"Why did you leave us alone?
No one could love you better;
Keep this in mind, little girl,
No matter wherever you roam,
There are hearts fond and true, that are waiting for you—
After your wandering, come home!"

'Twas all because her father did not like the boy she loved;
"Come home," he wrote, "and you can marry Jack;
I know he loves our Bessie, and a worthy lad he's proved;
He's only waiting till you come back."
One morning, in the summer, she became a happy bride;
The old man was not sorry, after all;
Tho' Bessie went away awhile, 'twas all thro' love and pride,
And often they the tender words recall:—*Refrain.*

THINKING OF ONE SHE LOVES

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Tom Conley. Music by Felix McGlenon.

In a cosy little parlor sits a maiden, young and fair,
And her eyes with love are shining, brightly golden is her hair,
Knitting deftly with her needle, as the gloaming's drawing nigh,
But of whom is she now thinking, as she breathes a tender sigh?
She is thinking of her laddie, far away from her is he,
For he is a gallant sailor, and his home is on the sea,
Day by day the maiden watches, from her post she'll never stir,
For she knows the time is coming when he'll soon return to her.

CHORUS.

Thinking of one she loves, dearer to her than life;
How her heart yearns; when he returns, she'll be his own dear wife.
Praying that he'll be safe, safe on the angry foam,
Praying each night to Heaven above, to send him back safely home.

Well, the story is but simple, for, when little children, they
Always played and romped together, in the sweetly, new-mown hay.
Years rolled on, they still were faithful, love's sweet passion on them grew
And when he sailed on the ocean, how he vowed that he'd be true,
And the maiden still proved constant, as the weary years rolled by;
Now she's waiting for her lover, for the time is drawing nigh.
Hark! the clock is softly ticking, and she never hesitates,
But she sits there in the parlor, and she watches, hopes, and waits.—*Chorus.*
But one day, in early spring-time, there's a dear, familiar voice,
And a step she hears approaching makes her eager heart rejoice;
Then a sailor, brown and sun-burnt, clasps his darling in his arms;
On her lips he rains sweet kisses, and he soothes her fond alarms.
They were married at the little village church upon the green,
It was but a simple wedding, but a happy, peaceful scene.
Now the maiden is contented, swiftly by the time does flit,
But she always will remember when alone she used to sit.—*Chorus.*

There'll Never Be a Girl Like You

Copyright, 1899, by Howler, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.
By Karl Kennett & Lyn Udall.

I have known a score of maidens whom I thought were perfect quite,
And some whom I deemed even something more;
There was Rose and Kate and Molly, each in turn was my delight,
For I thought each fairer than the one before.
Although I loved them dearly and I love them dearly still,
And ever to their memory I'm true.
There's a diff'rent charm about you, and deny it tho' you will,
There will never be a girl like you.

REFRAIN.

There may be girls as pretty, just as witty and as smart;
There may be girls as loyal, just as loving and as true,
But there's something dear about you that has whisper'd to my heart,
There will never, no there'll never be a girl like you.

Tho' I cannot quite explain it, and I know not where it lies,
'Tis with you, love, wherever you may be;
In the music of your laughter, in the shyness of your eyes,
For the pure and tender heart you gave to me.
In years that lie before us, tho' we may drift far apart,
You'll find me ever loving, ever true,
And I never shall forget you, for I know within my heart
There will never be a girl like you.—*Refrain.*

TWO SWEETHEARTS OF MINE

Copyright, 1897, by J. C. Greene & Co. Words by E. P. Moran. Music by J. Fred Hoff.

A crowd of young fellows one night at a club
Were telling of sweethearts they had;
All of them jolly excepting one youth,
And he seemed downhearted and sad.
"Come, Ned, won't you join us," his comrades then asked,
"For surely some girl has loved you;"
Then raising his head, as proudly he said,
"Why, boys, I'm in love with two."

CHORUS.

"One has hair of silv'ry gray, the other just like gold,
One is gay and youthful, while the other's bent and old;
But dearer than life are both to me, and from neither would I part,
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her, the other is my sweetheart."

My sweetheart, you see, is a poor working girl,
But still I'm determined to wed;
My father says, "No, it can never be so,
Go marry an heiress instead."
I've won mother over, she knows how it is,
When father met her she was poor;
She says, "Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet,
Father will consent, I am sure."—*Chorus.*

Since Mary Harris Went to Paris

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

A girl named Mary Harris said she'd like to visit Paris,
And her father, who's a millionaire, said, "Daughter, we shall go."
Both bright and happy-hearted they were when the ship departed
For the land of sun and flowers, which Napoleon worshiped so;
They hadn't been in Paris but a week, when Mister Harris
Said he thought it best for Mary if no longer there they'd stay;
Directly home he brought her, Mary said he hadn't oughter,
But the people in the village with a knowing twinkle say:

CHORUS.

Since Mary Harris went to Paris, oh, dear me!
It seems so strange that such a change in her could be!
Before she left she'd never heard the saying, glass of beer;
But ask her now to have one, and she'll answer we musseur!

A girl named Kate McCarty with her sister gave a party,
They invited Mary Harris, who had just returned from France.
They'd lots of fun and singing, and a shout of joy went ringing
Thro' the house when Mary Harris said, "Suppose we have a dance."
The girls began debating and, without a moment waiting,
Mary started in to show them how to dance the French Quadrille;
Then kicking high and prancing 'round the room she went a-dancing,
And though all this happened weeks ago, the folks are saying still:—*Cho.*

I Can't Give up My Rough & Rowd'ish

WAYS

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.
Words and music by Geo. Graham.

My name is 'Rastus Johnson, I'm known for miles around
As the very toughest nigger that is in this town;
I raise all kind of trouble at a picnic or a ball,
I make all de coons stand back, for I can skeer dem all;
When I gets arrested, one policeman can't take me,
To get me to the station-house, it takes some two or three;
And when dey puts me in der jail, why I don't feel so sore,
For jail is just like home to me, for I've been dere before.

CHORUS.

I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways;
I suppose I'll be der same all my days;
And wherever I does go, de people dey all know
I can't give up my rough and rowd'ish ways.

I went to a camp meeting, it was the other night,
And I only went dere just to raise a fight;
De preacher he was preaching as hard as he could preach,
When I took out my razor and cut ev'ry coon in reach.
De brothers and de sisters, dey all hollered long and loud,
When I sailed right in again and cleaned out de whole crowd;
De preacher says: "Now, Johnson, why did you behave dat way?"
I only looked up at him, and dese words to him I did say:—*Chorus.*

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OLD JIM'S CHRISTMAS HYMN

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

Old Jim was a character, well known about the town,
From singing in the village church he'd gained a great renown;
To hear him sing each Sunday morn, to church the good folks came,
But soon he drifted downward to a drunkard's life of shame, [away,
Though years had passed since poor old Jim from church had strayed
He told the parson he would sing that coming Christmas Day;
When Christmas came within that church there sat in every seat
A saddened heart when Jim arose and sang so soft and sweet:

CHORUS.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, each eye with tears was dim;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, that was old Jim's Christmas hymn.
Christmas days will come and go, and so will Christmas hymns,
But never will there be a song to equal that of Jim's;
The song of "Rock of Ages" all thro' life had been his choice,
For when a child 'twas taught him by his dear old mother's voice,
Within those same old sacred walls, in Christian songs of praise,
His voice had oft been heard before, since early childhood days,
But sweeter far than ever it was now to that great throng,
When gathered there on Christmas morn, to hear Jim sing his song:—*Cho.*

THE BLACK FOUR HUNDRED

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Irving Jones.

There's a club called Black Four Hundred, it's composed of dead swell
It's hotter than the Skidmore Guards, or the Order of Full Moons, [coons,
You'll see the latest styles and fashions when these coons parade,
They lay all other coon clubs in the shade;
You must wear pearls and diamonds if you want to be in line,
You've got to be a hot coon, and your clothing must be fine,
And when those coons turn out on Emancipation Day,
On the corners you will hear the wenches say:

CHORUS.

See the Black Four Hundred a-coming down the street;
Now, don't those coons look hot as along the street they trot?
If you listen, you'll hear the kinkey-headed wenches say:
The Black Four Hundred are on parade to-day.

If you want to be a member, you must be an aristocrat,
You must wear patent-leather shoes, and a great big beaver hat;
For drilling and cake-walking, why, our equals can't be found,
The white folks say we're the hottest coons in town;
We're going to give a picnic and we're bound to have a crowd,
Because both guns and razors on the grounds will be allowed;
We're going to give a grand parade, quite early in the day,
Upon Fifth Avenue you'll hear them say:—*Chorus.*

EVERY DAY AT THE STATION

Copyright, 1897, by Carleton, Cavanagh & Co. Words and Music by Guselle L. Davis.

At a little railroad station sits an old man ev'ry day,
Waiting as tho' he expected some one from the far away.
And at night he homeward totters, with a teardrop in his eye,
To himself he sadly murmurs, she is coming bye and bye.
Now bereft of all his reason, with a sister lives alone,
When a young man made a fortune, built a mansion of his own;
But his fondest hopes were shattered, when a message came one day,
And the mem'ry haunts him ever, tho' he's feeble, old and gray.

CHORUS.

Every day at the station he waits and waits in vain,
Watching the many faces that pass on every train;
Who can it be that he sighs for from morning 'till eventide,
Every day at the station he waits for a promised bride.
Listen, I will tell the story, o'er and o'er it's told each day,
How when young he loved a maiden, were engaged, the people say;
On the morning of the wedding went to meet her at the train,
But a message handed to him broke his heart and wrecked his brain;
Thus it read: "The train has been wrecked that was bringing you your
My God, have I lost my darling! this the man then sadly cried. [bride."
Back to home then kind friends led him, where the wedding feast was
Ev'ry day since then he's waited at the station for the dead.—*Cho.* [spread,

MR. JOHNSON

Copyright, 1896, by Frank Harding. Words and Music by Ben R. Harney.

T'other eb'ning when eb'ryting was still, oh, b.
De moon was climbin' down behind de hill, oh, babe;
T'ought eb'rybody was a sound asleep,
But a old man a Johnson was a on his beat, oh, babe.
I went down into a nigger crap game,
Where de coons were a-gambling wid a might and main;
T'ought I'd a be a sport and be dead game;
I gambled my money and I wasn't to blame;
One nigger's point was a little, a Joe,
Bettin' six bits t'a quarter he could make de four;
He made that point, but he made no more,
Just den Johnson jump'd through de door.

CHORUS.

Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
Got no money but a good excuse;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose;
Don't take me to de calaboose;
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good.

Late de other eb'ning when the sun was down, oh, babe;
I went down on old man Johnson's chicken farm, oh, babe;
Climbed in the chicken loft on my knees,
Was a half way a through when the chicken sneezed, oh, babe.
I'll tell you, if you will only keep still,
'Bout a mile and a half from Louisville;
I am so nerbous dat I can't keep still,
When I think about it I can feel a big chill,
A big black coon was a lookin' fer chickens,
When a great big bull-dog got to raisin' the chickens;
De coon got higher, de chicken got nigher,
Just den Johnson opened up fire.

CHORUS.

I got no chance for t' be turned loose,
Got no chance for a good excuse.
Oh, Mr. Johnson, I'll be good,
And now he's playin' seben eleben,
'Way up yonder in the nigger head'n;
Oh, Mr. Johnson made him good.

THE ORIENTAL PAS-MA-LA

Copyright, 1898, by Tony Stanford. Words and Music by Tony Stanford.

While in the Orient, on pleasure bent,
My time I've spent to learn a dance;
They twist their muscles so, they do it slow,
'Tis not for show, but elegance;
First they trip up lightly, then they bend back slightly,
Then they giggle, give a wiggle, just a little move, like this,
Young men look delighted, old men get excited,
With a flurry, home they hurry, in a state of bliss.

CHORUS.

That's why I'm shy to do this naughty dance right here,
Because I think it makes you feel so queer;
I may some day show you the style of Fatima;
And then I'll dance the Oriental Pas-ma-la.

A rube from out of town, his name was Brown,
He came around to see the fair;
He saw the girls in tights, and other sights
A man delights to see when there;
When he saw this dancing, he felt so entrancing,
Spent his money, acted funny, swore he'd ne'er go home again
'Till he learned each motion of this dance contortion,
Now he's sorry, for that worry made this rube insane.—*Cho.*

In the Little Village Church-Yard Near the Sea

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull. Words and Music by Harry Jonas.

Oftentimes my thoughts they wander to my happy boyhood days,
Where I roamed about the fields in childish glee,
I can picture in my mem'ry, while in midst of childish play,
My mother when she used to call to me,
And my father, I can see him as I did in days gone by,
Many times I'd run to meet him on the way,
Oh, how happy all did seem, joy and bliss they reign'd supreme,
In the homestead where I first saw light of day.

REFRAIN.

Those were happy days at home, where in childhood I did roam,
Happy days that ne'er will come again to me,
The ones that I loved best are laid in peaceful rest,
In the little village church-yard near the sea.

Many times the tears are falling, and a sigh comes from my heart
When the mem'ry of my parents comes to me,
It is then I'm sad and lonely, and I deeply feel the dart,
That heaven's bow had sent unerringly;
It's been years since last I wandered to the church-yard near the sea,
It is there my mother and my father lie,
And tho' I am far away, I shall kneel and humbly pray,
That I'm laid beside the old folks when I die.—*Refrain.*

Pictures from Life's Other Side

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.
Words and Music by Charles E. Baer.

In the world's mighty gallery of pictures
Hang the scenes that are painted from life;
The picture of love and of passion,
The picture of peace and of strife;
The picture of youth and of beauty,
Old age and the blushing young bride,
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of all
Are the pictures from life's other side.

CHOR.

'Tis a picture from life's other side,
Some one who fell away,
A life has gone out with the tide
That may have been happy one day.
Some poor old mother at home,
Watching and waiting alone,
Longing to hear from the lov'd ones so dear,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler,
Who has lost all his money at play,
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger,
She wore on her wedding day;
His last earthly treasure he stakes it,
Bows his head, that his shame he may hide,
When they lifted his head they found he was dead,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The next tells a tale of two brothers,
Whose paths in life different ways led;
The one was in luxury living,
The other one begged for his bread;
One dark night they met on the highway,
"Your money or life!" the thief cried,
And he took with his knife his own brother's life,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The last is a scene by the river,
Of a heart-broken mother and babe,
'Neath the harbor-lights' glare stands and shivers,
An outcast whom no one will save;
And yet she was once a true woman,
She was somebody's darling and pride,
God help her, she leaps, there is no one to weep,
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

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She Rests by the Suwanee River

Copyright, 1898, by Tony Stanford. Words and Music by Tony Stanford.

When a lad I've spent my days on a quiet old Southern place,
'Way down in dear old Georgia far away,
With my sweetheart on my arm, we would walk around the farm,
Or watch the Suwanee River on its way,
Then my heart was young and gay, until one fatal day,
My sweetheart died before our wedding morn,
By the Suwanee she's at rest, 'twas the place she loved the best,
Her childhood's home, where she was bred and born.

CHORUS.

She rests by the Suwanee River, where the orange blossoms bloom,
Where the air is always scented with magnolia's sweet perfume,
Where the mocking-birds are singing in the treetops all the day,
She rests by the Suwanee River, far, far away.

In my dreams I often roam to that dear old Southern home,
And wander to the spot where she and I
Were oft seated side by side, where she vow'd to be my bride,
Where first I saw the love-light in her eye,
Then I find I am alone, my sweetheart she has gone
To realms above, ne'er to return again,
As I stroll along the shore, her lone grave I see once more,
And then my heart is filled with bitter pain.—*Chorus.*

ALL I ASK OF YOU BE TRUE

Copyright, 1898, by Tony Stanford. Words and Music by Tony Stanford.

In a palace, grand with splendor, sat a crowd one wint'ry night,
They were merry, mirth and laughter seemed to be their sole delight,
'Mongst them was a handsome maiden, she was the best of them all;
Still her heart was filled with sorrow, she was about to fall.
On the scene a young man entered, with a face, heart Grace;
But it was changed to one of anguish, for she had said "I pray;
With tears in her eyes she pleaded, oh! forgive me, I say;
But I thought you loved another, when softly to me you say:

CHORUS.

I forgive you, my own sweetheart; well, I know I am to blame
You will never hear reproaches, and I offer you my name;
Let the past now be forgotten, we will start out life anew,
I will be a model husband, all I ask of you be true.

Years have passed since they were married, still their love remains the same,
Since that wint'ry night he met her and bestowed on her his name, [same]
They are just like two young sweethearts, tho' they're getting old & gray;
And their love is growing stronger, as it ages day by day.
Soon they'll have another wedding, it will be the one of gold,
They'll gather 'round them all their children, and this story will be told,
How when young they lost each other, until, just by chance, one day
In a palace grand he met her, and these words to her did say:—*Chorus.*

IF YOU WERE ONLY BY MY SIDE

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull. Words by Arthur Trevelyan. Music by E. T. Paull.

The days are so dreary, and I've been so weary,
Sweetheart, since you went away,
Our quarrel has ended, the past can be mended,
And our hearts once more be gay,
All seems so different, I want you back again,
How I have missed you, no words can explain;
My love for you, love, will never, never wane,
If you but knew my heart is true.

CHORUS.

If you were only by my side, perhaps I could explain;
If you were only by my side, I might not plead in vain;
In dreams I oft hear wedding bells, their pealing seems to say,
Tho' you and I, love, are parted now, they'll ring for us some day.

I love you sincerely, you know not how dearly;
Sweetheart, say you love me yet;
My life is so lonely, I want you, you only,
Say our parting you regret,
Why do you doubt me, there must be some mistake,
Some one has wanted our love-chain to break;
Won't you believe me, and just for old love's sake,
Say you will be still true to me.—*Chorus.*

BACK TO THE ONLY GIRL I LOVE

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.
Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Sad was the hour that we parted,
Well I remember the day
We quarreled, and then, broken-hearted,
We each then went our way;
But still she must think of me sometimes,
She does not forget me, I pray,
Our paths though apart, yet I feel in my heart
She will take me back some day.

CHORUS.

Back to the only girl I love,
Back to the one I think most of;
Happy I'd be if I only could see
My dear little, sweet little loved one.
Even the stars all seem to say,
There'll come a time not far away,
So be of light heart, though now far apart,
She'll take you back some day.

Too soon our dream it was broken;
Oh, how my heart it did pain,
And each tender, sweet little token
She sent me back again;
While weeks they have gone since we parted,
And months, too, have passed on their way,
No doubt she regrets, and the past, too, forgets,
And will take me back some day.—*Chorus.*



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THE ONLY GIRL I E'ER DID LOVE

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Coleman.
Words by M. A. Dilon. Music by J. R. Macdonald.

There's a cottage far away, where sweet mem'ries often stray,
The dear old home, the place where I was born,
For dim fancy's sunlight plays still 'round boyhood's happy days,
And pleasures that I knew in life's fair morn.
My early love and fate was a charming girl called Kate,
To win her hand sincerely did I try,
So one day I said to Kate, "Darling, will you be my mate?"
When I read my answer in her speaking eye.

REFRAIN.

My Katie was as true to me as woman e'er could be,
So loving and so cheerful, and her laugh rang merrily;
It lingers with me even now, though she has gone above,
For Katie was the only girl I e'er did love.

She was queen of womankind, and so pure in thought and mind,
Oh, had she lived to cherish our wee boy;
Oft so fondly she would bless, with a mother's pride caress,
And kiss him o'er and o'er again with joy.
My heart is like to break for my dear dead darling's sake,
Since she has gone forever from my gaze;
There's a dawn above I wait, where I'll find my loved one Kate,
And I'll know again the joys of other days.—*Refrain.*

The Day Love Died

Copyright, 1899, by Augusta Howe Chambers.
Written and Composed by Augusta Howe Chambers.

The spring, in vernal splendor, now returns with lightsome tread,
And mating birds still call from tree to tree.
All nature smiles the same again, but, love, dear love, is dead,
While phantom mem'ry walks alone with me.
No flower that blooms but breathes again some sweetness of the past,
A hidden pleasure or a buried bliss.
A story ending sadly with this sequel at the last,
A broken promise and a fleeting kiss.

REFRAIN.

The day, the day love died, dear, my cheeks with tears were wet,
For love had conquered pride, dear, and lingered with regret.
Why did love ever leave me? faithful and true was I;
What can this wide world give me? since love, since love could die.
Light hearts and lips around me throng, yet lonely still am I,
The days like shifting shadows come and go.
I dream the broken dream again, then waken with a sigh,
Once more life's pain and emptiness to know,
Yet while love's last sweet number here dwells on the note farewell,
And eyes be dim, I bless the day we met;
No deep hypnotic slumber, dear, can hope to break love's spell,
True hearts may bleed, but never can forget.—*Refrain.*

Mister Doolin', Stop Your Foolin'.

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Coleman. Words and Music by Russell Fox.

There's a lot of speculation, and much Irish agitation,
That's causing a sensation down at Brady's boarding-house;
A star boarder named Tim Doolin' with the daughter has been foolin',
And Doolin' watched by Hennessy as puss would watch a mouse,
Sure the daughter Mary Ann she's a-lookin' for a man,
And Doolin' is the lucky one that has the inside track,
Sure then Hennessy was ravin', said that Doolin' was deavin',
And Missus Brady, in this way, at Doolin' then got back.

REFRAIN.

Now, Mister Doolin', stop your foolin' with my Mary Ann;
Sure yez nearly drove me crazy since to court her you began;
You settle up or settle down now, like a dacent man.
For you'll have to stop your foolin' with me daughter Mary Ann.
Soon it got in circulation about Doolin's captivat'ion
This proud Hibernian belle, her mother's jewel dear and pet,
Then Tom Hennessy got madder when he found that Doolin' had her,
And swore that he'd lick Doolin' and get Mary Ann back yet;
To a picnic Tim took Ann, sure 'twas there the fight began,
For Doolin' squared at Hennessy and knocked him down that day,
There was talk, the neighbors stirred it—sure when Missus Brady heard it,
She went for Mister Doolin' then, and in the same old way.—*Refrain.*

JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

Parody—By De Witt Johnson.

After the heat of the sunshot rays,
Just at the close of day,
Tired and weary in a field,
Two drunken bums lay.
One held a bucket of good old ale,
One held a growler of beer,
Thinking of times when champagne was the run,
And not of the beer that was near.
One thought of father and wished him good luck,
For they had seen better days;
There was a time when they had lots of tin,
And got into these bad ways.
One took a swallow, then almost turned brown,
For into that can hopped a frog.
He recognized the fact when he took that big smack,
Just as the beer went down.
After the beer had been down awhile
In the abdomen of this said bum,
The other walked up and, with a smile,
Said, "Old pal, you have struck a pun."
But, said the other, with a cry of hard luck,
What I'll need next will be props;
Don't you see, said the other, what a cinch you have struck,
Why not make beer out of its hops?
One thought how that would be a dead easy lay,
If it didn't require too much work,
And they immediately found that it worked to a "T,"
And began working it that very day.
Now these bums are running a brewery of their own,
And are doing the thing up brown.
They're making beer from this frog's hops,
Which they struck while the sun went down.

Hello, Ma Baby

Parody—By Martin J. Kane, of the Mutual Wheelmen of G. N. Y.

I've got a little clothing store, but its on the bum,
Although I've got it heavily insured,
The policy must be renewed or out it will run,
I'm getting crazy, it cannot be endured;
This morning everybody heard me yell
This afternoon dis policy does expire;
My heart goes blankety blank when I hear a bell,
Because I think it is a fire.

CHORUS.

Hello, my Abe, I need some money; hello, my insurance pal;
Send me a policy by wire, my home will soon be a-fire;
If you refuse me, Rebecca will lose me,
Then she'll be all alone;
O, Abe, send it, and I can burn my home.

He never was at a telephone in his life before,
And mixed things up, as you can judge,
The policy they sent him was 4-11-44—
From the 'phone he would not budge;
He shook all over like an aspen leaf,
And a salty tear came to his eye,
But he soon was full of joy instead of grief
When he heard somebody cry:

CHORUS.

Hello, my Isaac, du bist sehr fleisig, wie ist dein geschäft?
I send you some policy by wire—it's a winner or I'm a liar;
If you don't do it, den you will rue it,
So you will then got left;
O, Isaac, play it, und you don't need one fire.

DORA LEE

Copyright, 1894, by Maurice A. Strothotte. English copyright secured.
Words by George Cooper. Music by Robert Elm.

How I love to greet her, after the day is done;
Never maiden sweeter, smiles just like the sun;
She's my village beauty, pleasant and kind and bright;
Full of love and duty, always my heart's delight.

CHORUS.

I pretty Dora Lee, queen of girls is she;
Smiles on all who chance to call, but still she's true to me;
Longer I'll not tarry, soon my pet I'll marry;
What a darling wife will be my pretty Dora Lee!
Oft from school, together, proudly I saw her home;
'Mid the summer weather, through the fields we'd roam;
Then I learned to love her, tho' but a tiny boy;
Thought the whole world of her, she was my only joy.—*Chorus.*
Just beyond the city lovingly we shall dwell,
In our cottage pretty, down the rosy dell.
Bells will soon be ringing, gaily to all they'll say:
'Tis the morn that's bringing Dora's glad wedding day.—*Chorus.*

I'LL MAKE THAT GIRL MY WIFE

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Coleman. Words and Music by George L. Gieffer.

You are about to wed, my lad, a fond old mother said,
'Twould please me best were you to choose some other girl instead.
The one that you have chosen, lad, her own folks now disown,
'Tis rumored they have cast her off for reasons still unknown.
Were you to wed a girl like her and then unhappy be,
'Twould break my heart, as well as yours, your saddened face to see,
So take a mother's true advice, think well before you wed;
He kissed her like a loving son, but firmly to her said:

REFRAIN.

Although her folks have cast her off, it still is my belief
That she is honest, pure and good, I'll shield her then from grief;
I'll lead her to the altar, my vow I'll keep through life,
Although the world may point with scorn, I'll make that girl my wife.
She is my world, this girl of mine, that I have sworn to wed,
I'll make her loving heart my shrine whatever may be said,
And to our happy home you'll come on some fair future day,
And learn, like me, to love the one from whom you turn away.
The mother dried her tear-dimmed eyes and said, with beaming face,
A noble heart like yours, my boy, could never court disgrace.
Bring home the darling of your heart and name the wedding day,
I'm sure she must be good and pure since I have heard you say:—*Refrain.*

THE BEAUTIFUL WATER LILIES

Copyright, 1899, by Chas. G. Minnich. Foreign copyright secured.
Words and music by Chas. G. Minnich.

Come, my darling, let us wander to the forest by the brook,
We'll stroll o'er hills and meadows 'till we reach yon shady nook;
We'll gather pretty wild flowers that grow along our way,
And linger 'till the twilight shadows fall at close of day.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the beautiful white water lilies,
Like diamonds now sparkling with dew;
Oh, the fragrant and golden-eyed lilies,
They're blooming, my darling, for you;
We'll row out upon the still waters;
We'll bid all the world then adieu;
We'll sing our love songs to the lilies,
For I love no one, darling, but you.

Do you recollect, my darling, of the grand old grape-vine swing,
Where we used to sit and ponder, while the birds would sweetly sing,
How we used to row upon the pond where the water lilies grow,
And dream of love at twilight in the happy long ago.—*Refrain.*



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FAIR VIRGINIA, FROM VIRGINIA

Copyright, 1899, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.
By Raymond A. Browne and Gusle L. Davis.

I've two sweethearts far away beneath the southern skies so blue,
Where the old Potomac winds its peaceful way;
And my thoughts are always of them—yes, to them I'm ever true;
For I love them both far more than I can say.
Each bears the name "Virginia," and the one's my mother state,
The other is the girl who waits for me;
And my heart is filled with song, for I'm going back ere long
To my homeland, and my bride that is to be.

CHORUS.

Fair Virginia, from Virginia,
She's always been the sunshine of my life;
Her worth none can measure, but I know I own a treasure,
When Virginia, from Virginia, is my wife.

Off I call to mind our wand'rings on the river's moonlit strand,
And the whispered words of love beneath the trees;
While our eyes told in their glances tales that lovers understand,
And our hearts were lighter than the evening breeze;
'Twas hard to leave the loved ones, fair Virginia and my home—
Tho' both are true to me, and I the same,
But each pang and each regret, we will very soon forget,
When Virginia, from Virginia, bears my name.—Chorus.

She's Got My Eyes

OR

SHE'S IN MY DREAMS FOREVER

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Coleman.

Written and Composed by Augusta Howe Chambers.

A maiden fair, with sunny hair and little tripping feet,
Hath caught my heart with winsome art and glances long and sweet,
This airy sprite, with charms bedight, my ev'ry thought beguiles,
Her witching ways are past all praise and heaven is in her smiles,
It may be wrong, yet how I long her dainty hand to press,
And whisper how I love you so with gentle fond caress.

REFRAIN.

When she looks at me in such a way I can describe it never,
She's got my eyes, she's from the skies, she's in my dreams forever,
When she looks at me in such a way I can describe it never,
She's got my eyes, she's from the skies, she's in my dreams forever.

Whenever I this maiden spy a-wheel at startling pace,
With twinkling eyes, like starry skies, she dares me to a race;
I try in vain, with might and main, her skill in speed to match,
This little girl, with curve and curl, is not an easy catch;
She turns her head, I'm onward led, enraptured by the chance,
That hope may find a hint that's kind in just that backward glance.—Ref.

How shall I well the story tell of love too long delayed,
Or, better still, how break at will the spell her eyes have made,
Through cupid's craft and cupid's shaft past hope and cure am I;
Ye winds that seek and kiss her cheek, oh, tell me with a sigh,
How more than dear, how sweet and near, in all its girlish grace,
With love untold I still must hold that little roguish face.—Refrain.

SWEET KITTY LEE

Copyright, 1899, by Tom B. Gillin. Words and Music by Tom B. Gillin.

Music published by O. E. J. Huston, 418 E. 40th Street, Chicago, Ill.

The lights are all out and the army is sleeping,
The night-bird calls low from the palmetto tree.
I think of the love that I have in my keeping,
The love of my peerless, my sweet Kitty Lee.
My heart beats for her with the deepest devotion,
Faithful and true to my sweetheart I'll be.
O, winds waft this message far over the ocean,
And whisper it softly to sweet Kitty Lee.

CHORUS.

The stars twinkle dimly, the dark sky bends o'er me,
My thoughts picture scenes in the land of the free.
I pray that kind heaven may safely restore me
To my native country and sweet Kitty Lee.

I'm on picket to-night, and by thought's necromancy
I summon my sweetheart from over the sea;
The shadows fall thick, and beside me I fancy
I see the dear face of my sweet Kitty Lee.
Eyes like the violet 'neath morning's first blushes,
Lips like the roses when kissed by the dew;
A voice that for sweetness will rival the thrush's,
O, sweet, winsome Kitty, I live but for you.—Chorus.

Mamie Farrell

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Coleman.

Words by Lew Umber. Music by Ed. Deveau.

Of winsome young belles in New York you may talk,
You'll see them on Sunday while out for a walk,
There's one that I've met, and she's dearer to me
Than name or fair fortune's smile ever could be.
I take her to picnics, excursions as well,
With arm 'round her waist, love's sweet story I tell,
Her name's Mamie Farrell, the joy of my life,
Before many days she'll be my little wife.

REFRAIN.

My girl, Mamie Farrell, works in Macy's dry goods' store,
She's the idol of my heart, the one that I adore.
When I've saved the money and the summer months have flown,
I'll marry Mamie Farrell then, and make her all my own.

The first time I met her I'll never forget,
Her laughing blue eyes they are haunting me yet.
Her form like a fairy's, her dimples so sly,
I cannot describe her however I try.
We stood in the moonlight beside Mamie's gate,
And talked of the future until it was late,
My heart beat with joy for a look that I knew,
A glance Mamie gave me, then said I'll be true.—Refrain.

I DON'T WANT NO JONAH Hangin' 'Round

Copyright, 1899, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Hugh Cannon.

I was in a dice game the other night,
Something going wrong, an' I wasn't right,
Couldn't make a pass for to save my soul,
Nigger right behind me just as black as coal;
I'm a kinder superstitious an' peculiar, I know;
Dat nigger was a Jonah, an' I'll bet all my dough,
I grabbed him by the collar an' I threw him out de crowd;
I holler'd to dem niggers an' I holler'd mighty loud:

CHORUS.

I don't want no Jonah hangin' 'round;
I know dat I been hoodoo'd on dis ground;
I lost a silver dollar,
An' I've got a right to holler,
'Cause I don't want no Jonah hangin' around.

In a poker game last Monday night
I anted up my money, which I knew was right,
Loet about a dollar, an' I didn't know why,
Beside me was a hoodoo with a big cross eye;
Oh, I got a certain reason an' I think I better leave,
So give me back my money dat you won dis eve.
"We'll give you back your money, but just tell us why you pause?"
I told all de gang an' I told them just because:—Chorus.

Went to see my gal on a Friday night,
I was a-feeling just-a out a sight,
Got in de door, and would you b'lieve,
A nigger had his arms around my little Eve,
Then I told dat nigger if he didn't make a sneak,
His family would be pricin' black crape next week;
He carved me wid a razor, an' I like to almost died;
They threw me in an ambulance, an' then I loudly cried:—Chorus.

THE NEW YORK GIRL

Copyright, 1899, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by Thurand Chataway. Music by Thurand Chataway and Ben M. Jerome.

You will find in ev'ry city and wherever you may go,
Pretty girls and girls of high degree,
With their smiles they're apt to charm you, and they're quick to let you
They're just as sweet as any girl could be;
You say you love them dearly, they may say the same of you,
You think they are the best for miles around,
But you'll find you are mistaken, for in old New York, it's true,
The sweetest girls in all the world are found.

CHORUS.

Up town, down town, on the streets and all around,
Ev'rywhere you go you're sure to find this pearl,
Her style's the neatest, her smile's the sweetest,
She is the dearest, the New York girl.

There is something in her manner—what it is I can't explain;
Something that is sure to win your heart;
You may roam the wide world over, you may seek, but all in vain;
You'll never find a girl that's half so smart;
Though others may seem dearer and to you may sweetly sing,
'Tis just a fancy that will pass away,
For the girl you'll love forever, and the one to whom you'll cling,
Is born and bred in New Y-O-R-K.—Chorus.

THE NIGHT THAT SHE PLAYED HER LAST PART

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Coleman.

Written by Augusta Howe Chambers. Composed by Charles Coleman.

The dawn was dim and ghostly when a weary soul took flight,
She died alone within an attic drear,
For poverty had dwelt with her for years by day and night,
Until her life she ended in despair.
The sheriff called to dispossess her, but he found her dead,
This woman who at first was known to fame,
She'd been a footlight favorite once, or so the people said,
An actress with a long forgotten name.

CHORUS.

She had played her last part in the drama called life,
Then sought for the rest long denied;
She had been a fond mother, a true faithful wife,
Yet alone and deserted she died.
The giants of loneliness, grief and despair
Had knocked at the door of her heart;
Her story she told in a letter and pray'r,
The night that she played her last part.

The evening came, the stores were bright, the rich exchanged their gold,
And people to the play-house thronged once more,
But she slept on, her lines were said, her lips were pale and cold,
And life's sad drama was forever o'er.
Dishonor she had feared, and shame, far more than even death,
She left a letter speaking of her son,
Which said that she would pray to God with last expiring breath,
To care for still her helpless little one.—Chorus.

Had she but known an hour before that just across the way
A neighbor waited all her wants to meet,
She might have lived to happy be, to see a brighter day,
Thus saved by human sympathy and sweet.
A tribute from our hearts, these flowers above her bier we'll place,
She honored well and loved her noble art.
Then calmly met grim death himself far sooner than disgrace,
And played without a fear her final part.—Chorus.



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Free upon application.

DEN WHAT YO' GWINE TER DO?

Copyright, 1896, by William H. Hennaman.

Words and Music by Wm. H. Sewell.

When yo' hab uh lot er trouble an' things go wrong,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
An' yo' hab uh ha'd time tuh git uh 'long,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Hits no use ter fret an' git in er stew,
Jis' think dat de sky 'bove de clouds an blue,
An' ter-morrow yer sky may be blue, too,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Hits no use ter worry,
Nur git in uh flurry,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

When de gals lose dar' tas' fuh eatin' ice cream,
Den what dey gwine ter do?
When uh woman see uh mouse an' she wouldn't scream,
Den what she gwine ter do?
When de gals doan' hab no use fuh beaus,
An' de beaus tuh de gals no mo' propose,
When folks doan' go tuh church ter doze,
Den what dey gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
De millennium
Hab sho'ly come,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

When yo' takes yer wife tuh see de play,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
An' uh great big hat gits right in de way,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Yo' tells huh dat yo' gwine out tuh see uh man,
An' you'll be right hack jis' 'soon's yo' can,
But she say now, honey, dat's uh mighty ole plan,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Hits no use ter fuss,
Kase yo' boun' ter hab uh muss,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

When yo' teach uh purty gal tuh ride de wheel,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
An' de wheel gib uh lurch an' de gal gib uh squeal,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Yo' puts yer a'm uh roun' huh li'l' wais',
Jis' fuh tuh keep huh fum fallin' outer place,
An' two ruby lips right dar befo' yo' face,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
I done tole yo' dis,
Hits nice tuh steal uh kiss,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

When de knees er yer trousers begin ter bag,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
An' yer mudder'n-law's tongue hab too much wag,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
When yo's bin tuh de lodge an' stays late at night,
An' comes home an' fin's yo' wife ready tuh fight,
Hits no use ter argy fuh tuh proove yer not tight,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Oh, de lo'd uh massy,
When yer wife gits sassy,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

When yo' git outer work an' yo' ain' goter cent,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
An' de lan' lo'd comes an' yo' can't pay de rent,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
If yer bes' gal leabs yo' fuh 'nudder moke,
An' she hab nuffin' do wid yo' 'kase yo' dead broke,
An' yo' hab tuh put yer obercoat in tuh soak,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
I axes yo', honey,
When yo' got no money,
What am yo' gwine ter do?

Don't try ter stop uh train by uh standin' on de track,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
If uh mule kicks at yo' don't yo' try ter kick him back,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
If yo' meets uh purty gal uh gwine 'long de street,
Dat's dress'd so nice an' looks so sweet,
An' she li's huh dress an' shows huh li'l' feet,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
She gibs yo' smile,
'Twould a saint beguile,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

If talkin' was money, we could all buy fa'ms,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
When ba'gain counters done lose dere cha'ms,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
If yer ridin' in uh ca' an' yo' gibs up yer seat
To uh lady dat say, "thanky, suh," so sweet,
You am so s'prised, 'tmos' knocks yo' off yer feet,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
When men put dar feet
'Cross de ca' fum seat tuh seat,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

Gwine ter take my gal tuh de ball tuh-night,
Den what we gwine ter do?
Gwine ter knock dem niggahs clean outer sight,
Dat's what we gwine ter do?
Dar's Susie Snow an' 'bow-leg' Jake,
Dey say dey gwine ter take de cake,
When we gits up our hoofs ter strike,
Den what we gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what we gwine ter do?
Den what we gwine ter do?
We'll take dat cake,
Or dere'll be an earf-quake,
Den what we gwine ter do?

'Fi had my way wid eb'ry big trus',
Den what I gwine ter do?
I'd hammer an' hammer 'til dey all done bus',
Dat's what I gwine ter do.
If yo' puts yer money in de bank an' de bank bus',
An' yer bo'din'-house lady refuse tuh trus',
Doan' go on uh tear, kase yo' on'y make it wuss,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Hit am no joke
Fuh tuh be dead-broke,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

Some gals doan' know how tuh cook an' sew,
Den what dey gwine ter do?
But eb'ry gal am boun' ter hab uh beau,
Dat's what she gwine ter do.
If yo' meets uh purty gal an' yo' makes uh mash,
An' yo' axes huh in fuh tuh hab some hash,
An' when yo' comes tuh pay, yo' hab no cash,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

CHORUS.

Den what yo' gwine ter do?
Den what yo' gwine ter do?
When yer sho't ob ready cash,
An' yo' hab no wad tuh flash,
Den what yo' gwine ter do?

Just One Girl

Parody—By Andy Garon.

Once I'd a dear little girlie,
Only one, just the one;
She called upon me every evening,
Just for fun, she takes the bun;
She was cross-eyed and knockneed and humpbacked,
A wooden leg, a half a tree,
If you listen for a while
I'll tell a few things about my girlie.

CHORUS.

Just one dame, only just one dame,
When I met her I'd money and lots of game;
'Tis a shame, she stole my watch and chain,
I'd be in clover forever if she'd come back again.

Don't talk to me more about girlies,
With one leg, just one peg,
I hugged her so tightly one evening,
I ran a splinter in my finger,
She went to a restaurant on the Bowery,
Near Canal, did this gal,
And now she is working for life
At a hash house, is my old pal.

CHORUS.

Just a half a girl, my head is in a whirl,
She's mashing potatoes, is this peg-legged girl;
It takes an ostrich to dine where this girl of mine,
Mashes potatoes forever with just one climb.

Dat Little Yaller Gal

Copyright, 1899, by William H. Hennaman.

Words and Music by Wm. H. Sewell.

She am de sweetes' yaller gal,
Wid sich uh winnin' way,
An' she's got dis nigger mixed up so;
Dat I don' know night fum day.
I's axed her if she gwine ter hab me,
An' nebber mo' tuh part,
Kase dat little cupid boy dun stab me
Right spang fru de heart.

CHORUS.

Dat little yaller gal, sweetes' yaller gal,
She bus' my heart wid cupid's dart, dat yaller gal;
Dat little galler gal, sweetes' yaller gal,
I lubs her, I adores dat little yaller gal.

De coons all swa'm erroun' dat gal,
Like bees erroun' de rose,
An' de way she smashes niggers' hearts;
De goodness on'y knows,
Dem niggers sho'ly hab gone crazy,
Fo' dey all is gwine git lef',
An' dey ain't uh gwine ter git muh daisy,
Kase I wants dat gal muhsef.—Chorus.

I's done got uh razor an' gun,
An' fo' dem coons I'll lay,
An' dar's jis' uh gwine ter be some fun;
Fo' dey all mus' stay away.
I tole yo' dat I's bad when I's mad,
Jis' spilin' fur uh muss,
An' I 'spec' I's got er carve dem coons bad,
Kase I'll hab dat gal er bus'.—Chorus.



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108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

I Love Dat Man

Copyright, 1898, by Myll Bros. English copyright secured.
Words by Dan. Packard. Music by E. J. Simmes.

For a handsome black man I have admiration,
For him I'd run the shoes right off my feet,
He was my honey boy and my heart would jump with joy
When Sunday night at church we used to meet,
For he used to say I was his only baby;
He was juggling with the truth, I will admit;
I never see him now, but I'd love to, I'll allow;
Tho' I found he never cared for me a bit.

CHORUS.

I don't care who knows it, I love dat man;
You can see how much I shows it, I do love dat man.
My poor heart's a-breaking, much as it can,
The reason dat I sigh and fret, is 'cause I love that man.

He was kind to me when I was very lonesome,
He called me all the pet names that he knew;
He treated me so fair, with such tenderness and care,
When he was with me I was never blue;
But another wench stole from me his affections,
Now they say that she's a-gwine to change her name.
He did me wrong, for sure, but my sick heart I can't cure,
For I'll always love that darkey just the same.—Chorus.

MY HONOLULU LADY

Copyright, 1898, by The Zeno Maunala Music Co. English copyright secured.
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Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

I've done shook my Alabama gal for Honolulu Lou;
My high-toned lady, she is a dream, my Southern queen,
My Honolulu Lou, she'll soon be mine;
I'll leave my Mobile home, to Hawaii I will roam,
To wed my Lulu; then we will return;
Then I'll show dem coons and wenchies style,
And grace that is divine,
When we both pass down de line.

CHORUS.

She is my Honolulu lady, she's ma baby;
She has won my heart, this choc'late-cullud daisy;
She has distanced all the white gals and de wenchies,
She's a Southern dream, my Honolulu lady.

I went down to a swell coon ball last night and took my bride;
She set dem crazy, I led dat colored festival
With Lulu by my side, my love divine,
We cut de pigeon wing, de coons did shont and sing
When we did the Honolulu Pasmala;
Den we glided by de judge's stand,
De coons and wenchies stand,
When my Lou she took first prize.—Chorus.

TEACH OUR BABY THAT I'M DEAD

Copyright, 1897, by Frank K. Root & Co.

Words by Wm. H. Windom. Music by Bill R. Harcourt.

With tearful eyes a mother stood before a prison cell,
And in her arms she tightly clasp'd her baby to her heart;
Her husband is a convict now, she came to say farewell,
Ere from her side for years he must depart.
He took her hand so tenderly, and begged her not to weep;
"Don't grieve, my love," he said, "while I'm away."
He look'd upon their little child, who smiled in peaceful sleep,
And then in anguish to his wife did say:

REFRAIN.

"Teach our baby that I'm dead, and never, never let it know
The dark disgrace I've brought to you, promise me before you go,
God above will care for you—oh, blame me not, my own," he said,
"And when our baby asks for me, teach the little one I'm dead."

To save another I did wrong, and now to prison go;
I took the money from the bank—'twas wrong, I know, 'tis true;
I thought I could replace it soon, and none would ever know,
I never dream'd I'd bring disgrace to you.
The parting moment came at last, he bade them both good-by,
Her youthful heart was broken with despair,
And as she turned to go away, his tears of anguish fell,
Again these words he sadly uttered there:—Refrain.

SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray.

At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry,
Round a table were seated, one night,
A crowd of young fellows carousing,
With them life seemed cheerful and bright,
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen to shame;
All the young fellows jeered at her weakness,
Till they heard an old woman exclaim:

CHORUS.

She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised;
She is only a lassie who ventured
On life's stormy path, ill-advised;
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider
That a man was the cause of it all.

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner,
Where the neighbors all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon
O'er a soul that had just passed away,
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry,
Who a life of adventure had led—
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No, he asked for God's mercy and said:—Chorus.

MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME

Copyright, 1898, by the Orpheum Music Publishing Co.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilser.

Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I;
By the stream where we wandered in the gloaming,
It was there I kissed my love a sad good-bye.
She clung to me and trembled when I told her,
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay;
We parted, and I left her broken-hearted,
In the old New Hampshire village far away.

REFRAIN.

Now the sunshine lingers there, and the roses bloom as fair,
In the wildwood, where together we would roam;
In the village church-yard near sleeps the one I loved so dear,
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

In my dreams by the stream last night I wandered,
And I thought my love was standing by my side;
Once again then I told her that I loved her,
Once again she promised she would be my bride;
And as I stooped to kiss her I awakened,
I called her, but she was not there to hear;
My heart lies buried with her 'neath the willow,
In the old New Hampshire home I love so dear.—Chorus.

YOU'RE IT

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

My mem'ry turns to schoolboy days and a charming little lass,
Playmates were we together, and stood side by side in class,
When school was out, we'd start for home, but played along the way,
We'd play "tag-catcher," and "I spy," then she would run and say:

CHORUS.

You're it, you're it, you're it, I spy you, Jimmy Green;
You're it, you're it, you're it, you're caught, now don't be mean,
Sometimes I'd make her angry, she'd cry a little bit,
But when we'd kiss and make up, I was always "it."

The boys and girls are scattered now, who went to school with me,
Some of them roam in foreign lands, while some sail o'er the sea,
How many, many times I've stood to watch the children play
That same old game of "I spy you," and hear them laugh and say:—Chorus.

IF NOT SWEETHEARTS, THEN LET'S BE FRIENDS.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall London, England.
Words by Bogert & O'Brien. Music by James B. Bradley.

Such my desire to meet you, love, that I with eager transport fly,
But why this long, unkind delay? Tell me, my love, oh, tell me why!
It cannot be that you have changed, you always seemed so good and true,
But time has flown, no answer comes, still I am waiting, love, for you,
Oh, tell me, we shall meet again, and former vows of love renew.

CHORUS.

If not sweethearts, then let's be friends,
Friends, same as in the days of yore,
Although 'twill bring sad memories,
True friends we'll be, if nothing more.

The joy I from your presence feel, no power of language can express,
Whilst your commanding smiles and voice unite with mutual aid to bless,
Let me once more look in thine eyes, and once again my love caress,
I love you so! 'twill break my heart if I should find you love me less,
Say then, sweetheart, that you're still true, come to me, love! come and confess.—Chorus.

GLORIOUS BEER

Copyright, 1898, by Francis. Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.
Words by Steve Leggett. Music by Will Goodwin.

Now I won't sling of sherbet and water,
For sherbet with beer will not rhyme;
The workingman can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than five cents a time;
So I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear;
I allude to that grand institution,
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer!

CHORUS.

Beer, beer, glorious beer!
Fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it,
Stick to your old-fashioned beer;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it—
Now, altogether, a cheer!
Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
The best thing there is for your neck;
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By person of every sect.
Now we know who the goddess of wine was,
But was there a goddess of beer?
If so, let us drink to her health, boys,
And wish that we'd just got her here, here, here!—Chorus.

So up, up with brandies and sodas,
But down, down, and down with the beer;
It's good for you when you are hungry,
You can eat it without any fear.
So sip up the beer while you're able,
Of four-half let's all have our fill;
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear Uncle Bill, Bill, Bill!—Chorus.



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MY SOUTH CA' LINA ROSE

Copyright, 1898, for all countries, by Sydney P. Harris.
By Prince & Harris.

When yo' wondah why yo' feel so gay,
When yo' heart am singin' all de day,
When yo' pulse am all a-tingle,
An' yo' banjo full of jingle,
An' the months all melt an' mingle into May;
When yo' joy f'om morn to twilight's close,
When yo' smile throughout yo' sweet repose,
Yo' will have to love a niggah
Wid de puffed' face an' figgah
Of ma South Ca' lina Rose.

CHORUS.

For it's huh sugah kiss whah I finds ma bliss,
It's a way she laugh an' glance huh eye,
It's de toss in' head and an' de lips so red,
An' de sassy style she hold huh self so high,
It's a way she tease an' a way she please,
An' a shifty step no othah nigger knows;
Oh, dah nevah was a fowah to be found in any bowah
Like ma South Ca' lina Rose.—[Dance.]

Seems to me de sky's a richer blue,
Seems to me dat evah friend am true,
Dah's a beauty in de shivah
Of de moonbeams on de rivah,
An' de sunlight make me quivah through an' through;
Dah's a cha'm in evah place I goes,
Dah's de light in evah breeze 'at blows,
An' de reason am de neatness
An' de captivat'n sweetness
Of ma South Ca' lina Rose.—Chorus.

The Soldier's Bride

—OR—

Only a Sad, Sweet Memory.

Copyright, 1897, by N. E. Byers. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by E. Ninian.

She was a soldier's sweetheart, pure as the morning dew,
Home from the war to wed her, hastened the lover true,
Back to the field of conflict, duty bade him go;
Kissing his bride, he whispered, "Soldiers must fight, you know!"

REFRAIN.

Only a sad, sweet memory, darling, of bygone years,
Only a dream of you, dear, kissing away my tears; [light]
"A soldier's bride should not weep," you said, but how can my heart be
I've only a sad, sweet memory, darling, of you to-night.

Then came a tender message, saying his love was true,
Borne by a wounded comrade, these were his words to you,
"For our dear flag and freedom, love, I give my life,
Shed not a tear, remember you are a soldier's wife."—Refrain.

Shout the Tidings, Cuba's Free

Copyright, 1898, by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Shout aloud the joyful tidings over all the land,
Poor Cuba has been rescued from the tyrant's hand;
The joyful tidings echo over land and sea,
"Old Uncle Sam has set poor sufferin' Cuba free."

CHORUS.

Then shout the joyful tidings, sufferin' Cuba now is free,
Awake her sleeping heroes with the shout of victory;
They fought with blood her freedom, faltered not the price to pay;
Then shout the joyful tidings, sufferin' Cuba's free to-day.

Lift on high the flag of freedom, let it proudly wave
O'er ev'ry Cuban cottage, o'er the patriot's grave;
Let tyrants fear and tremble when her flag they see,
For Uncle Sam has set poor sufferin' Cuba free.—Chorus.

DON'T TAKE MY LITTLE HOME

Copyright, 1898, by N. E. Byers. Words and Music by E. Ninian.

Is it true, kind stranger, I have just been told
That I will have to leave, this cottage has been sold.
Yes, the old log cabin; grandma; will be torn down,
And here for myself I will build a home, the finest in the town.

REFRAIN.

Don't take my little home, sir, pity a mother, pray;
Here I have lived since childhood, seventy years to-day.
My heart will break with sorrow, from this dear place to roam;
Don't turn me out in the street, kind sir, don't take my little home.

Here we played in childhood, brother dear and I,
Under the old oak tree, while summer days sped by;
In the chimney corner, near the log fire bright,
The cold winter days there we whiled away, slept in the loft at night.—Ref.

In the village church-yard, 'neath a crumbling stone,
Loved ones have long been sleeping, I am all alone;
From the scenes of childhood, never I thought to roam,
For all in the world that is dear to me is this, my little home.—Refrain.



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EVERY NIGHT I SEE THAT NIGGER STANDIN' 'ROUND.

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.
By Joseph Hart & W. H. Matchette.

The worstest nigger that I know steals and gets into a row,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
He went down to a colored church, knocked the deacon off his perch,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
Went to a colored ball, one night, drew his razor, started a fight,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
In a policy shopid loudly shout, "I 'se gwine to clean dis 'ere place out!"
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger walkin' 'round, talkin' 'round;
Ev'ry night I see that nigger standin' 'round, hangin' 'round,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.

One moonlight night he left his stoop to go and visit a chicken coop,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Not a sound there could be heard, he said, "I 'se gwine to get that bird."
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.
The man that owned that coop had a gun—Lordy, how that nig did run,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
You see that bird was that man's pet. I 'specs that nigger's runnin' yet,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—Chorus.

Got shaking craps with a lot of coons up in Reuben Snowball's rooms,
Just because he's nuthin' else to do;
Those niggers wished he was in heaven, for ev'ry shake he shook eleven,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Won all they had, but had to cheat—niggers chased him down the street,
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do;
Thro' an alley, my! but it was funny. He said, "I'll give you a run for
Just because he'd nuthin' else to do.—Chorus.

BON JOUR

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.
Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Bon jour, bon jour, mes camarades!
Get out, get out and hold him, you fool!
Rejoiced to meet you all, I'm sure.
Confound that pesky, wretched mule.
Tho' I've been roaming in many a clime,
And been away for a deuce of a time,
'Tis joy to see you, my friends, once again,
'Tis joy to be home once more.
I'm deeply moved, I say I'm moved, extremely moved.

My forte is versatility, in Thespian facility;
My smiling affability, to me wins ev'ry heart;
I've talents a variety, of startling contrariety;
I've sampled ev'ry kind of trade and nearly every art;
The bus'ness of a wizard I well know from "A to lizzard";
O I ridicule all rivals, I can give them "cards and spades."
I once was a tragedian, a melancholy, seedy un—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.

REFRAIN.

Behold in me the whole epitome of versatile felicity;
My talent is no ordinary kind;
I am a paragon! I am the only one!
I am a universal genius of gifts in multiplicity.
My equal upon earth you will not find;
For I am Tereschappe the magical,
The comical, the tragical!
Take off your hats to me.

At prestidigitation I'm the wonder of the nation,
Anything you like to something else with readiness I turn:
My singing voice vociferous, wins posies odoriferous
From ladies who adore me and for my affections yearn;
I am a "record breaker" as a necromancing fakir.
No large sleeves and no moustache I wear; I do not need their aids.
In ballet dance fantastical, my legs are most elastic—
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.—Refrain.

THE ACTOR'S BOARDING HOUSE

By William Jerome. Tune—"Hey, Rubie."

I'll sing you of an actor's boarding-house that's run by a Dutchman, Her-
It's No. 22 Great Jones, and the price per week is just 6 bones. [man Kruse,
It's run upon the just-out plan, by this Michael Pheana Dutchman.
Who wants you to settle in advance, and so to beat him there's no chance.
I'm up eleven flights of stairs, and in my room there are no chairs,
No signs of gas or a candle light—in fact, my room is out of sight.
We sleep eleven in one bed, and in the morning six are dead,
The first one up is the best one dressed, to-day I lost my coat and vest.
Some other actor stole my shoes, and took them out to get some booze.
They feed on hash three times a day, and the serio-comics all chew hay.
The house is full of museum freaks, for a season of just forty weeks.
They are a dizzy-looking troupe, and the turtle boy fell in the soup.
They all have English pugs to pet, and their pictures in the Police Gazette.
They say there's one 'em mashed upon, but not on your life, says John.
They played Delaware and Water Gap, and other towns not on the map.
Then comic songs all night they sing.

And when they hear the dinner bell, oh, how like Indians they do yell.
Around the table sit in pairs, and read the gauzy bill of fares,
Oh, the beefsteak it is awful tough, but at it we all make a bluff.
To-day I took a great big chunk to make some hinges for my trunk.
The coffee it is awful weak, it hasn't strength enough to speak,
With the butter it fought two rounds, but had to settle on its grounds.
We had some steak called Laughtie. I ate some and am laughing yet,
And then they gave me ox-tail soup, made from the leg of old Bill's boot,
But when they passed the custard-pie, oh, me! oh, me! oh, me! oh, my!
Upon my piece I found a hair, for things like that I did not care,
But a boarder next to me named John, he ate the pie with jo-jo's on.
When we got thro' we said our prayers, and wish'd we could climb the
We have a party every night, that always busts up in a fight. [gold'n stairs
Pound parties are the fad, you see, at the one last night they pounded me.
Then Christmas was the game they played, with their stockings on a line
I had none, but to get a chance, upon the line I hung my pants. [array'd
Some got presents, oh, so fine! some son-of-a-gun got into mine,
Then to my room I bade retreat, and went to breakfast in a sheet.
Ta-la-la-boom-de-rae, since it was enough for me,
I'd sooner be in Kankakee. Ta-la, ta-ta, boom-de-ree.

HI THERE! RUBBER NECK

Copyright, 1898, by Doyle & Reed.
Words and Music by A. Bowden Doyle and Charles A. Reed.

Once I saw an eager crowd of many hundred people
Watch a man who went to fix the top of a church steeple,
And of a sudden when the man looked like a little speck,
Some smart Aleck in the crowd just yelled out Rubber Neck!

CHORUS.

Rubber Neck, Rubber Neck, you'll hear it ev'rywhere,
If you stop to notice things, or should you chance to stare;
Rubber Neck, Rubber Neck, your gazing it will check,
To have some crazy Yap yell out, Hi there! Rubber Neck!

Notice on a rainy day a lady neatly clad,
Crossing o'er the muddy street, the walks are very bad,
Some men who are just passing by will to each other beck,
'Till some kid, with grinning face, will yell out Rubber Neck!—*Cho.*

At a burlesque show one night the house was very packed,
Front row seats with bald-heads filled, who rubber'd every act,
They gazed with bulging eyes, they did, the girls to try and vex,
'Till the leading lady yelled, oh, see the rubber necks.—*Chorus.*

KLEPTOMANIA

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer. By Richard Stahl.

Mos' de months I disremember, but I always knows November;
Yes, I always knows November took the chair,
An' I'm shu' as dat I'm livin' dat it's gettin' neah Thanksgivin',
Dar's a kleptomanyer feelin' in de air,
Eb'ry night I dreams o' turkey till ma fingers get quite jerky,
Eb'ry night ma legs dey walk me hea' and dare,
Turkey gobblers seem ter beckon, an' I ain't maself, I reckon,
Foh' dar's a kleptomanyer feelin' in de air.

CHORUS.

Hm! Hm! dat kleptomanyer feelin',
Hm! Hm! comes always o'er me stealin';
Shu' when we stand on Jordan's strand,
And when we land in Eden's land,
St. Peter'll have to keep his turkeys in his hand,
Foh' dar's a kleptomanyer feelin' in de air.

Says de preacher, don't go covet, 'makes no diff'rence how you love it,
Bible say regarding turkeys, don't you dare,
But how kin a chille remember when it comes along November,
An' dat kleptomanyer feelin' in de air,
Hit's a drefful, drefful feelin' foh' to have come o' yo' stealin',
Hit's a sort o' stealin' feelin' an' a pair
Of de fatter turkey's growin' am de only thing worth knowin'
When dar's a kleptomanyer feelin' in de air.—*Chorus.*

As Long As It Pleases the Ladies

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.
Words by Charles Hoyt. Music by Richard Stahl.

Rude men give me the guy as I go by,
Crude men are jealous of me, and I know why.
Plain men give with a smile at my dainty curls;
Coarse men laugh at my style, but it suits the girls.

CHORUS.

And as long as it pleases the ladies, the ladies, the ladies,
As long as it pleases the ladies, I care not what men may say.
As long as it pleases the ladies, the ladies, the ladies,
As long as it pleases the ladies, I care not what men may say.

Rubies and diamond rings and costly pearls
Are just the things that will always suit the girls;
Girls all prize them most highly and can't get enough,
Man, poor man, is the fool, hustling for the stuff.—*Chorus.*

Op'ra-house man comes in to see the play,
Vacant chair in front of him, nothing in the way;
In comes lady fair, wearing hat three feet tall,
Sits down in vacant chair, man can't see at all.—*Chorus.*

Man leans over and whispers in lady's ear,
Asks her politely to please remove her headgear;
She turns 'round with a scorn and says, very rude of you;
Just pay attention to me and laugh when I do.—*Chorus.*

Sweetheart Mine

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co.
Words by Oliver Collins. Music by Geo. Cantile.

In a far-off, smiling valley, where the green-clad hills look down
On the fairest home in all that country side,
Lived a tender little maiden fair, with laughing eyes of brown,
Who promised long ago to be my bride;
Oh! how pleasant are the memories of those well-remembered hours,
When arm in arm and heart to heart we strayed,
Whilst the running brook below us seemed to murmur to the flow'rs
The same sweet song my voice to her conveyed.

REFRAIN.

Oh! sweetheart mine, dear sweetheart mine,
I will love you while the stars above shall shine,
For your loving eyes so tender and your sunny smile divine,
Have won my heart forever, sweetheart mine.

In that far-off, smiling valley bloom the roses as of yore,
But the sunshine has all vanished from the scene,
For my sweetheart's laughing eyes of brown will sparkle nevermore,
And nevermore she'll grace the village green,
For they've laid her in her last long sleep, where falls the rain and dew,
On the hillside where we often used to stray,
And I see no joy in living, for my heart lies buried, too,
With the form of her to whom I used to say:—*Refrain.*

DELEHANTY & HENGLER'S SONG & DANCE BOOK

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER COPY.

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Do You Remember?

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.
Words and Music by Richard Stahl.

Do you remember? 'tis not long ago,
When first you said "I love you so,"
Can time have changed the vows we then made,
Do you remember, or is your love dead?
In years gone by many a sigh
Has pierced my heart, all for thee.
Why then break now that sacred vow,
Dost thou no longer love me?
Why must I roam through life alone
Without thee, my darling one.

CHORUS.

Have you forgotten your promise? Am I no longer thine own?
Let me just once more embrace thee, come to the heart that is lone;
Ever and always I'll love thee, oftentimes, you know, I have said, [dead]
One fond kiss was then your answer, do you remember? or is your love

Life seems so dreary, so bitter and cold,
Without one smile, like those of old.
Soon all be o'er, to rest I'll be laid,
Why should I linger when your love is dead.
Some day, maybe, there'll come to thee
Thoughts of a bright, happy past;
But, after all, why now recall
Moments of bliss that not last!
Why should I try to tempt my fate
When you say "It is too late."—*Chorus.*

The Languid Man

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.
Words by Edmund Vance Cooke. Music by Richard Stahl.

This life's a hollow bubble,
Don't you know?
A painted piece of t'wouble,
Don't you know?
We come on earth to cwy,
We grow olden and we sigh,
Olden still and then we die,
Don't you know?
We wowwy through each day,
Don't you know?
In a sort of, kind of, way,
Don't you know?
We are hungwy, we are fed,
Some few things are done and said,
We are tired, we go to bed,
Don't you know?

CHORUS.

Don't you know, weally, sometimes I wondeh,
If life is life, or is only a blundeh,
A twick of that devilish fellah down yunde
Who's fooling us all, don't you know?
Life will be life, when we nevah need wowwy,
Life will be life when we nevah need huhwy,
When there's no fuhwy,
But then we'll be dead, don't you know?

It's all a howwid mix,
Don't you know?
Business, love and politice,
Don't you know?
Clubs and pawties, cliques and sets,
Fashiona, folles, sins, wegwets,
Stwuggle, stwife and cigawettes,
Don't you know?
Politics? O, just a lawk,
Don't you know?
Just a nightmaeh in the dawk,
Don't you know?
You pe'splah all day and night,
And aften all the fight,
Why pe'haps the w'ong man's wight,
Don't you know?—*Chorus.*

Love? O, yes! you meet some gi'l,
Don't you know?
And you get in such a wh'l,
Don't you know?
That you kneel down on the floah,
And imploah and adoah,
And it's all a beastly boah!
Don't you know?
Societ? Is dwess,
Don't you know?
And a sou'ce of much distwess,
Don't you know?
To detehmine what to weah,
When to go and likewise wheah,
And how to pawt youah halh,
Don't you know?—*Chorus.*

So theah's weally nothing in it,
Don't you know?
And we live just for a minute,
Don't you know?
For when you've seen and felt,
Dwank and eaten, heahd and sme't,
Why, all the cawds are deah,
Don't you know?
You've one consciouness, that's all,
Don't you know?
And one stomach, and it's small,
Don't you know?
You can only weah one tie,
One eye-glass in youah eye,
And one coffin, when you die,
Don't you know?—*Chorus.*



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My Ann Elizer

Copyright, 1898, by Myll Bros. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Malcolm Williams.

My girl ain't much to look at, she ain't no dream,
She can't sing like an angel, Ann Elizer Green,
But when she hears the "rag time" she can't keep still,
Her nerves commence a-jumpin' she gets a chill—well,
Her eyes begin a-shinin', her cheeks get red,
Her feet commence to shuffle, she shakes her head,
And when she starts a-dancin' she's the real thing;
I can't keep still no longer, I got to sing:—Well—

CHORUS.

My Ann Elizer, she's a surpriser, a tantalizer, she's in the whirl,
And I'll advertise her, my Ann Elizer, she is my "rag-time" girl.

I took her to a party last Sunday night,
Where all the coons were dancin', ended in a fight,
There was a yellor feller from Thompson Street,
Said that he had a baby no wench could beat—well,
I bet on Ann Elizer all that I had,
When she got through a-dancin' that coon looked sad,
He tried to grab the money, I carved him deep,
I sang this song to him as he went to sleep:—Well—CHORUS.

WHEN I RETURN WE'LL BE WED

Copyright, 1898, by Edw. M. Koninsky & Bros.
Sheet music published by Edw. M. Koninsky & Bros., Troy, N. Y.
Words and music by Saute Koninsky.

It was just before the battle, the troops were ordered on,
And a soldier with his sweetheart by his side
Were both praying for his safety and that he might soon return,
And live in peace and comfort with his bride,
They would soon have been wedded had he not been called to arms,
And it made the parting all the worse to bear,
But he said, "My country calls, so we'll be wed when I return,
Let us hope 'twill be the answer to our prayer."

CHORUS.

"When I return we'll be wed,"
Those were the last words he said,
As he shouldered his musket and marched along,
Perhaps to be soon with the dead,
But her sweet smiling face cheer'd him on,
Though her heart sank within as he left,
And long in her mem'ry there lived that farewell,
"When I return we will be wed."

At the thickest of the battle, amidst the shot and shell,
Stood the soldier with the bravest of the brave,
When upon them came an awful charge, and with the rest he fell,
While struggling for his country's flag to save,
As his comrades gathered 'round him, "tell my sweetheart" were his
"Tell her gently, for too soon the news she'll learn," [words,
And then, as his soul took flight, he whispered while they raised him up,
"Tell her we'll be wed as soon as I return."—CHORUS.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES

Copyright, 1897, by Philip Kussel. Words and Music by Philip Kussel.

Don't leave me, dear, in anger, for surely you'll regret,
Now that my time is drawing to a close,
How often have you told it, you loved none else but me,
Tho' now your life is filled with bitter woes.
All through our married life you've been the idol of my heart;
Your love has been to me my all in all,
You surely must have loved me, or else I've been deceived,
Tell me ere I go beyond recall.

CHORUS.

For when a woman loves, how plainly does she show it,
Nothing in this world can take her love away;
She'll work for you, she'll beg for you, and yes I know she'd die for you,
For when a woman truly loves her love will stay.

When you had wealth and plenty, I entertained your friends,
And made all men pay homage to your name,
And after, when misfortune swept all your wealth away,
You always found my love was just the same.
None had a better right to make the man that I loved best
Go forth and show that work was not a shame.
Did I not also help you until I lost my health?
Tell me that you love me just the same.—CHORUS.

SUSIE UE.

Copyright, 1898, by Lyon & Healy.
Written and Composed by B. Gilbert.

There's a pretty little gal all mine,
She's so elegant and sweet all de time—
Fer to marry her I'm sighin',
An' at times I feel as if I was a-dyin',
Now she lubs to hear me sing, yes she do—
An' to play upon de banjo, too,
Fer I've a song, a lubly song,
Which I sings to her de whole day long.

REFRAIN.

Susie ue, do lub me true,
Darky boy is berry fond of you;
Meet you, honey, in de mornin',
Wen de birds am all a-callin' Susie-ue, mah Susie-ue,
Susie, usie, usie, usie-ue.

RAG CHORUS.

Oh, Susie ue, do lub me true,
Darky boy is very fond of you,
Meet yer, honey, in de mornin',
Wen de birds am all a-callin'
Susie ue, mah Susie-ue;
Susie, usie, Susie usie-ue.

'Mong de honeysuckle all day long,
Hark! de bees are hummin' dere wild song—
From de cabin comes loud singin',
Darkies voices thro' de old plantation ringin',
An' dere's gwine to be some fun ober dere,
Dat will make de odder nigger boys stare,
For massa's gwine ter make her mine;
I'se so happy dat I can't help crying:—Refrain.

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BELLE OF HONOLULU

Copyright, 1898, by J. Donigan. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.
Words and Music by Lee Johnson.

A high-toned gal has won me, a belle of sweet sixteen,
She is the sweetest gal I've seen, this Honolulu hula queen,
For style and grace ma lady is ev'rything that's swell,
She is a dream, this Honolulu belle;
When she goes by, the ladies sigh, de coons all wink deir eyes;
And when ma gal goes down de line, the natives they all cry:—

*SPOKEN.—Well, what do they cry? (This can be introduced at *, before
chorus, by orchestra or singer on stage, if desired.)

CHORUS.

She is a dream, ma Honolulu queen, the sweetest girl that ever was seen;
She is divine, this hula girl of mine, she is the belle of Honolulu.

Next Easter morn I'll wed her, this Oriental queen,
Den wedding bells will sweetly chime, and with ma bride I'll fall in
All decked in orange blossoms, and silks and satins fine;
She'll soon be mine, this hula gal divine;
De choir will sing and chant a hymn when I put on de ring;
And when I march out with ma bride, the natives they will sing:—

—CHORUS.

A high-toned girl has won me, a belle of sweet sixteen,
She is the sweetest girl I've seen, this Honolulu hula queen,
For style and grace this lady is everything that's swell,
She is a dream, my Honolulu belle;
When she goes by the ladies sigh, the swells all wink their eyes;
The natives shout when she goes out, and this is what they cry:—

—CHORUS.

Next Eastern morn I'll wed her, this Oriental queen,
Then wedding bells will sweetly chime, and with my bride I'll fall in
All decked in orange blossoms, and silks and satins fine. (line,
She'll soon be mine, this hula girl divine,
The choir will sing and chant a hymn when I put on the ring;
And when I march out with my bride, the natives they will sing:—

—CHORUS.

A Farmer Never Can an Actor Be

Copyright, 1897, by Smith Piano Co.

Words by Fred Cohn. Music by John A. Thomas.

John Reuben from the country thought he'd to the city go,
"I'm tired of the farm," said he, "I'm going to join a show,
A real live actor I will be, my fame it shall resound."
"Oh, what a fool," the neighbors said, "no bigger can be found."
So to an actor's boarding-house in the city Reuben went.
The show-folks guyed him all day long, he didn't mind a cent.
"I'm looking for a good soubrette with me to do a turn,"
They introduced him "Polly Jones," and from her he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you stand up on your head like this,
To the audience wave a little kiss,
Waltz upon your ear, 'way back to the rear,
Turn a summersault, but don't you miss,
Then you do the hutschi kutchi dance,
Make a bow or two at every chance,
Tell a funny gag, and dance the buck and rag,
That will be an act of which we can brag."
Then she told him she would like to dine,
Reuben says, "let's have a bottle of wine;"
Then she blew him and made him spend his tin,
'Till for the farm that jay did pine;
On the train, next day, Reuben did flee,
"The old farm right quick I'm going to see,
Home is good enough, but you bet she was hot stuff,"
A farmer never can an actor be.

A short time after he got home, there came the country fair,
And ev'ry farmer that could go, soon hurried to get there,
Now Reuben he was one of them, he brought the folks down, too,
And told them to enjoy themselves, while he'd the live-stock view.
The gambling tent attracted him, he watched the wheel go 'round,
"That business is an easy one, no better can be found."
"A gambler I would like to be, for that my heart does yearn,"
So he went up, spoke to the boss, and from him he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you get a sucker on the string,
And to your room you him will bring,
And then when you play, things will come his way,
For a little while you let him win,
Then when you think he has won enough,
Just you start to make a good big bluff,
That's the way to win, to get all his tin,
For he'll weaken, and you get the stuff;
Now I'll show you how the trick is done,
We'll start a little game, but just for fun."
Said Reuben, "don't you fret, I'll make a little bet,
If for my money I can get a run."
Soon the jay he held of aces three,
"I'll bet you all I've got if you'll agree;"
Then the gambler show'd a flush, a poor Reuben made a rush—
A farmer never can a gambler be.

Now, Reuben got disgusted, "I'll settle and stay here,
They can't do me when I'm at home, there ain't no con. men near."
A farmer I will live and die, for that is good enough.
I'll raise my cows, and sell my wheat, though country life is tough."
Election time was coming near, excitement reigned supreme,
For Congress they put Reuben up, he felt as in a dream.
"Now there's the thing that I've longed for, I know not how to turn;
And then he met Senator Smith, and from him he did learn:

CHORUS.

"First, you've got the crowd to organize,
In the papers you must advertise,
Then you hire a hall, give the crowd a ball,
Make them think on you there are no flies;
Spend your money free at ev'ry place,
For the gang the growler always chase.
Be up day and night, always keep in sight;
Then you'll have a show to win the race."
So poor Reuben hustled through the town,
You bet your life he done things good and brown;
His money it did flow, it was a holy show;
Why, even his watch he put in pawn.
Election day came, sunny, bright and free,
"This is the day on which I'll honored be."
That night, in a minute, Reuben found he wasn't in it;
A farmer can't a politician be.

COLLEGE CHUMS FOREVER

Copyright, 1898, by Myll Bros. English copyright secured.
Words by Dan Packard. Music by Andrew Le Roc.

Old college chums sat together, telling of days that had passed,
Drinking good health to each other, vowing their friendship would last,
When up jumped one of the gayest and said we won't say good-bye
'Till we once more get together and give the old college cry;
They made the old room ring again, with voices loud and clear,
The good old college cry they gave, the one they loved so dear,
We'll always stand by each other, our friendship we'll ne'er sever,
Remember that we will always be true college chums forever.

CHORUS.

College chums forever we will always be,
Though we're separated by a distant sea;
If misfortunes come, we'll always stand together,
A helping hand we'll always give, we're true college chums forever.

Ten years had passed when one evening, to the old room so much changed,
Wandered in two college comrades, chums once united again,
Stories they told to each other of jolly old times now past,
'Twas in this room that we promised our friendship would always last;
What has become of my old pal, Jack was a chum of mine;
I heard a story long ago, he was accused of crime,
Rumor said that he stole money, we'll judge him guilty, never,
Let us believe him innocent, we're college chums forever.—Chorus.

This is the sad and last chapter, poor Jack a criminal he,
Back to the same college campus, hoping an old chum to see;
He is the last of his class-mates, the others have passed away;
And in the old village tavern he thinks of a happy day;
He was convicted of a crime, but he was innocent;
He tried to shield a dear old pal, to prison then was sent,
Sadly he thinks it all over, life is a vain endeavor,
A shot then is heard, poor Jack he died, true college chums forever.

—Chorus.

You Ain't de Man I Thought You Was

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Lew Sully.

I'm as gentle and as loving as can be,
A perfect lamb, indeed I am,
But I wants no coon a-triffin' with me;
When I lose my temper, goodness, but I'm bad;
Mister Johnson courted me about a year;
I loved him true, I'm telling you;
We were married, now I'm sorry that I spoke—
To tell the truth, he's always broke,
He never has a dollar he can call his own;
I has to buy my chittins and my bread;
He got so bad I thought I'd better turn him loose,
So Monday night I went to him and said:

CHORUS.

You ain't de man a-dat I thought you was,
We never could agree;
Take all your old a-cheap furniture,
It wouldn't do for me, nohow, well-a,
I've gone and ruined my appetite
Eating your cheap beef-stew;
You may be a winner with the very common kind,
But for me, coon, you won't do.

Now a, Mister Johnson, take a tip from me,
You'd better go, so there's the doo';
I'm a-bound to lose you, coon—I must be free;
So a-pack your little grip and trot along;
Doan' you try and make b'lieve that you'll be good,
Dat doesn't go with me no mo';
You've been trifalin' about jes' long enough;
You's got to move, and dat's no bluff,
So take your linen duster and your seven-dollar suit;
I wouldn't live with you another day,
You never was congenial, allus like to fuss,
You have been a failure, now I'm 'bliged to say:—Chorus.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO DO

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Murray & Leigh.

My mamma was always a woman with wonderful strength of mind,
But poor old pop was always a man who was bashfully inclined;
They courted together for many a year,
But she found to her dismay,
He was far too shy his luck to try,
So at last she had to say:

CHORUS.

You are a long time, a long time thinking about the job;
You know that you want me for a wife,
So let us get wed and settle for life,
Poor father was so delighted, he did as she wanted him to:
It took a long time to think about,
But it didn't take long to do.

I am fond of riding a bike upon which I am often seen,
But lately my dear mother-in-law has been riding my machine;
She went for a spin by herself in a dress,
Which made people laugh and cough,
But she rode so fast, I stood aghast,
And I cried "Oh, Ma, get off."

CHORUS.

She was a long time, a long time thinking about the job;
She reeled and slipped and wobbled about,
But how to get off she couldn't find out;
She caromed against a lamp-post, and into the gutter she flew,
It took a long time to think about,
But it didn't take long to do.

Mister Green has been a good husband for many a year, you see;
He thinks his wife the joy of his life, they're as happy as can be,
There isn't a sign of a family yet,
And how all the people stared,
When Green brought a baby carriage home,
Then the neighbors all declared:

CHORUS.

He's been a long time, a long time thinking about the job,
Perhaps he only wanted the thing
For wheeling up home his wife's marketing;
The lady at number twenty said: Mind, what I tell you is true,
It took a long time to think about,
But it didn't take long to do.

I'SE DE LADY FRIEND OF MI

'Rastus Jackson'

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.
Words by S. B. Cassin. Music by Fred Hylands.

Whenever I goes out dar's a sensation,
All kinds of coons dey follow me around;
I done upset de colored population,
For I'se de red-hot member of dis town,
Dem low-down niggers try dere best to catch me,
But they don't get from me no satisfaction;
I turns on dem and say, in just the pertest way,
"I'se de lady friend of Mister 'Rastus Jackson."

CHORUS.

I'se de lady friend of Mister 'Rastus Jackson,
I'se superior in ev'ry tone and action,
So done take dis advice, with me you cut no ice,
I'se de lady friend of Mister 'Rastus Jackson.

I wouldn't give a snap of dis yere finger
Fo' ev'ry mashin' nigger down de line,
Dar's nothin' in a bluffin' ev'ry slinger,
Who's shoutin' out "come seben" all de time,
So you am all just only time a-wastin',
In hov'rin' round you'll get no satisfaction;
I'll have you just to know dat bluffin' doesn't go,
"I'se de lady friend of Mister 'Rastus Jackson."

CHORUS.

I'se de lady friend of Mister 'Rastus Jackson,
I'se superior in ev'ry tone and action,
So done take dis advice, with me you cut no ice,
I'se de lady friend of Mister 'Rastus Jackson.

'CINDY

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Lew Dockstader. Music by Carl Carlton.

I'se been payin' yo' my 'tentions for years, yo' must allow;
I lub'd yo' ev'ry minute, an' I'm gwine to tell yo' now
Dat I ain't no coon from Klondike, but as poor off as I am,
I'se gwine to ask yo', 'Cindy dear, if I can be yo' man?

CHORUS.

'Cindy, I lubs yo', babe, tell me dat yo' will be my real thing;
'Cindy, I'se you slabe—oh, let me buy de wedding ring.
—After first chorus only. Song by 'Cindy.
Jasper, I kain't lub yo'; save yo' money, don't buy any ring;
Jasper, yo' won't do, I must gib yo' de ding-a-ling.

Now, Miss 'Cindy, you can't lose me, to win yo' I'se a-gwine;
I know'd that you'd refuse me, hon', but you jes' mus' be mine;
I ain't de cheap coon dat I looks, got an oil-stove beats the band;
In de bank I'se got a bunch of mon', guess dat'll win your hand.

CHORUS.

CINDY.—Jasper, I lubs yo', babe, and I confess dat you's my real thing;
Jasper, I'se your slabe, now you go buy dat wedding ring.

CHORUS (to be sung as a duet).

CINDY.—Jasper, I lubs yo', babe, and I confess dat you's my real thing;
Jasper, I'se yo' slabe, now you go buy dat wedding ring.
JASPER.—'Cindy, I lubs yo', babe, and I confess dat you's my real thing;
'Cindy, I'se yo' slabe; now I'll go buy dat wedding ring.

The Sign "To Let"

In the Window

Copyright, 1898, by James J. Haines.
Words by James J. Haines. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

Within a city-palace home, among the rich and grand,
Lived people of the swellest set, with wealth at their command.
The father was a noted man, his riches made him vain;
He prospered on the Stock Exchange, but yearned for greater gain.
No warning had they of the crash that swept his wealth away,
Their palace home and all they had they lost one bitter day,
Their home is now among the poor, in poverty and debt,
And when they pass the mansion by they see the sign "To let."

REFRAIN.

There's a sign "To let" in the window,
There's a home no more filled with cheer,
Where once there was wealth and pleasure,
All is lonely, despoiled and drear;
There's a mother turned from her threshold,
There's a sister pining away,
While the sign "To let" in the window,
They've seen since that fatal day.

New troubles came from day to day to mortify their pride,
The daughter was to soon become her titled suitor's bride,
But when to him their story of misfortune had been told,
He cruelly deserted her, he loved her for her gold.
Their mansion home is darkened now, where all was bright before,
And people gaze in pity when they're passing by its door—
Alas! that in this world of ours each joy brings its regret,
And that we find sad stories in the signs that read "To let."

REFRAIN.

There's a sign "To let" in the window,
There's a home no more filled with cheer,
Where once there was wealth and pleasure,
All is lonely, despoiled and drear;
There's a mother turned from her threshold,
There's a sister pining away,
While the sign "To let" in the window,
They've seen since that fatal day.



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IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES

Published by permission of Legg Brothers, 1008 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., from whom the words and music can be obtained.

Words by Hattie Lummis. Music by G. O. Lang.

We wandered in the shadow of the pines, my love and I,
As the wind was blowing freshly from the sea;
But a sudden fitful darkness stole across the summer sky,
And a shadow came between my love and me.
Some hasty words were spoken, and then, almost unawares,
Hasty answers to unthinking anger led.
And our heartsick, bitter longing, and our weeping, and our pray'rs
Ne'er can make those false and cruel words unsaid.

CHORUS.

Come back to me, sweetheart, and love me as before.
Come back, back to me, sweetheart, and leave me nevermore.
In life's dull pathway the sun no longer shines.
Come, love, and meet me in the shadow of the pines.
You took the ring I gave you, nor cast a glance at me
As you held the jewel'd trinket in your hand;
And then you turned and tossed it in the waters of the sea,
Where the waves are splashing idly on the sand.
You went your way, unheeding the tears I could not hide,
You went your way and not a word was said;
But my stubborn heart was breaking underneath its mask of pride,
And the pine trees sobbed in pity overhead.—Chorus.

I wake from bitter dreaming but to call aloud your name;
I sleep again to dream of you once more;
And my stubborn pride has left me, I admit I was to blame,
Forgive me, dear, and love me as before,
For the future is o'ershadowed with the darkness of despair,
In the sky of life love's sun no longer shines,
And I'd give the whole world gladly once again to meet you there,
Reunited in the shadow of the pines.—Chorus.

I WANT A REAL COON

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co.

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Bernard Adler.

Dar's a good-for-nuthin' ragged coon comes 'roun' a-courtin' me,
And I'm 'most ashamed he has the cheek to call;
'Cos he tries to put on heaps of style when he's a sight to see,
He's got nuthin' to his name, but lots of gall.
I've a-told him he will never do, he am not good enough.
I've a-told him he's a would-be, nuthin' more,
An' he knows I'm on to him, 'cos he can't get in the swim,
And dar's many a time I've told him at de door:

CHORUS:

I want a real coon, handsome, genteel coon,
Coon like my own relations, I don't want no imitations,
Some coon dat's haughty, swell dressed and sporty,
A real coon dis gal am waitin' for.

Now I wants to have a real coon like the swell coons that I see,
I've a-seen 'em at the theatre all life long;
They will dance around upon the stage with clothes 'way up in G,
An' they take me clear to heaven with a song.
But the coons aroun' my neighborhood, they don't dress up a bit,
Oh, compared to dem stage folks the rest are jays;
So I'm willin', eb'ry time, to give up my little dime,
Jes' to watch the real coon with his winnin' ways.—Chorus.

Ma Honey Lou

Copyright, 1897, by National Music Co.

Words and Music by Fred M. Staifa.

When the sun sets in the West, ma honey Lou,
That's the time I love thee best, ma honey Lou;
When we're sittin' in the gloom waiting for the silver moon,
You makes me a happy coon, ma honey Lou.
When the birds have hushed their song, ma honey Lou,
All the twilight shadows gone, ma honey Lou,
When the moon so full and bright sheds its soft and mellow light,
Then I loves you more each night, ma honey Lou.

CHORUS.

Ma Lou, ma Lou, ma honey Lou, love me long and love me true,
I love no one else but you, ma honey, ma honey, honey Lou.
Say you love me, honey Lou, I want you, 'deed I do!
My heart will surely break in two if I lose you, ma honey Lou.

And last night I waited long, ma honey Lou,
And I told the stars in song, ma honey Lou;
How my heart would ever beat for my honey gal so sweet,
And I lays it at your feet, ma honey Lou.
So then come to me to-night, ma honey Lou,
In these arms I'll hold you tight, ma honey Lou;
Come and look into my eyes while the moon shines in the skies,
And I'll be in paradise, ma honey Lou.—Chorus.

YOUR KEY DON'T FIT THIS LOCK NO MORE

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co.

Words by Fred J. Hamill. Music by Paul Cohn.

My gal and I had trouble and I have been crossed double,
Now some one took the lead from me, and I'm as dead as I can be;
When I got home this morning, just as the day was dawning,
I found a new lock on the door, I couldn't use my key.
There ain't no use in weeping, when I looked up at my old home,
I saw dat girl a-peeping, and she was not alone;
Says she, I'm too long standing, that coon you've been a-handling!
Can't jolly me no longer, so now listen while I say:

CHORUS.

Your key don't fit this lock, you best move 'round the block,
You broke your plate with me, black man, you I can't see;
You rot your notice now, so don't you start no row,
You ost your home, and your key don't fit this lock no more.
You kn w you had a warning, I told you every morning,
I wouldn't stand your fooling, so now you will have to leave, yes go;
I used to love you truly, but you is bad, unruly,
So I have got to pass you up, I've got another bean.
Now don't you get to talking and tell me what you're gwine to do,
For you are from Mizzoura and I will soon show you;
So, don't you start a-conning this babe with any yarning,
I'm sorry for you, nigger, but your key don't fit this lock.—Chorus.

I've Scratched You Off Ma List

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Paull.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Miss 'Liza Jackson used to be ma baby, yes, ma honey, I was her gent,
She always was ma steady colored lady, all ma money on her I spent;
But de other day I seen her wid a coon from Tennessee,
I was gwine to pull ma razor, I was mad as I could be.
I said, 'Liza, quit yer triflin', gal, for you belongs to me!
She turned her head and then she said:

CHORUS.

Don't think you're de only oyster in the stew,
There are other niggers just as warm as you;
You don't cut no ice, you never will be missed,
Nigger, I am done with you, I've scratched you off ma list.

Then out I flashed ma trusty nigger razor, see here, 'Liza, you come wid me.
Ma bluff it didn't even seem to faze her, she rolled her eyes, said, let me be;
Mister Nigger, just you understand I see sick and tired of you;
I've got another nigger, he has lots of money, too.
She said, go about your business now, ma huckleberry do;
She turned away, I heard her say:—Chorus.

WHAT REILLY LEFT BEHIND

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Shure it's little Widow Reilly in the other block above,
Whose husband died a year ago to-day;
She has suitors by the dozen that would take her hand and love
But who's the one to win her none can say.
There is Casey and McCarty, both clever men and hearty,
And little Flynn, who's not a man at all;
And there's more of them each evening that call on her so pleasing,
And this is how she showed her love for all:

CHORUS.

There's Casey wears her husband's coat, the trousers fit McFee,
Her husband's shoes were hardly used, and look well on Magee;
The hat he wore was out of date, she gave it to O'Brien,
And gave to me her heart, did she, that Reilly left behind.

Not a one of them are working, but are looking for a home,
The widow owns her house and plot of ground;
So now Casey and McCarty think they've won her for their own,
—Bedad, they go and tell it all around.
Now her husband's clothes they dress in, and none of them is guessing,
But each one thinks he's favored best of all;
For she never told another of what she gave the other,
But this is how she showed her love for all:—Chorus.

HE'S GOIN' TO HAVE A HOT TIME By - and - By

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Paull.

Words by Harry S. Miller. Music by E. T. Paull.

Dar's a heap ob constaration an' a lot ob argument
Among de colored people here ob lute;
Mister Johnson done come back, sir, from de Klondyke wif a sack, sir,
An' gold enough to buy de Georgia State.
All de niggers since am crazy, Mister Johnson am a daisy,
An' just de warmest coon in town to-day;
He has money 'nough for burnin', an' his mind to dat am turnin',
An' dis you hear 'most eb'rybody say:

CHORUS.

He's goin' to hab a hot time, Mister Johnson,
He's goin' to hab a hot time by-and-by;
He done put in a year of freezin', dat am de very, very reason
He's goin' to hab a hot time by-and-by.

Dar was lots ob dissipation 'round de Johnson habitation,
He was de prince ob all de colored clan;
But one day he done took sick, sir, doctors come den mighty quick, sir,
But couldn't save dat very reckless man.
Den de good ole Parson Mason done an' tole his congregation
To pray fo' brudder Johnson, who am gon';
Den he preached a little sermon 'bout de money he was burnin',
An' said, I see glad he couldn't take it 'long.—Chorus.

Would You? Well, in a Minute

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

If you met a pretty girl, one that set your head awhirl,
Wouldn't you do your very best to win it?
If she'd slyly pass you by, wink her roguish little eye,
Would you? well, in a minute.

CHORUS.

Yes, you would, 'deed you would do 'most anything you could,
Just to say the little thing was really yours;
Wouldn't you? yes, you would, 'deed you would,
Don't tell me, I know you would,
Just to say that she were only yours, you know.

If you knew a little Miss, one that's never had a kiss,
One of the kind that wonders what is in it;
If she came to you, say now, kind of, well—I don't know how,
Would you? well, in a minute.—Chorus.

If a widow young and sweet met you smiling on the street,
And says to you, how glad—and then to dim it,
Begg your pardon, a mistake, but, of course, you're wide awake,
Would you? well, in a minute.—Chorus.

When a maiden, indiscreet, starts to cross a muddy street,
Really her skirts she raises to begin it;
And she stands just where she's at, kind of, I don't care a rap,
Would you? well, in a minute.—Chorus.

Now I'm not a selfish elf, if I do say so myself,
Dearly I love the boys that's really in it;
And there's lots of them for fair, should I say to him down there,
Would you? well, in a minute.—Chorus.



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How'd You Like to Be the Iceman?

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Helt & Moran.

While strolling up town the other day,
Saw a brown-stone mansion on my way,
I stopped to admire, 'twas simply divine,
And couldn't help wishing that it was mine;
A servant came out, then I asked of him
If Mister Vanderbilt was in,
I thought it the house of a millionaire,
But he told me that the iceman resided there.

CHORUS.

How'd you like to be the iceman? how'd you like to be the iceman?
The plumbers ain't in it, they froze them out.

Each day with his wagon loaded down
Full of ice he starts off for the town,
At Johnson's cafe a stop then he makes,
Fills up the ice-box with enormous cakes;
When ready to start and move on his way,
He tells the boss, "It's hot to-day."
The boss, with a wink, says "what will it be?"
"Well, I'll have a tin-roof cock-tail, that just suits me."

CHORUS.

How'd you like to be the iceman? how'd you like to be the iceman?
Drinking tin-roof cocktails, they're on the house.

The groceryman is just close by,
And the iceman leaves him his supply,
Then orders ten pounds of coffee that's ground,
Ten pounds of his butter, thirty a pound,
And ten pounds of sugar, ten pounds of tea,
"How many pounds in all," says he,
The grocer then says "forty pounds are there,"
"Well, here's forty pounds of ice, so that makes us square."

CHORUS.

How'd you like to be the iceman? how'd you like to be the iceman?
They are like policemen, all on the beat.

Before with his dally toll he's through,
He will stop along Fifth Avenue,
He jumps from his wagon, ice in the hook,
Then meets in the kitchen a big fat cook,
Spread out on the table, good things will lay,
The iceman knows the cook will say,
"Have dinner with me, for it's very fine,"
Now it's funny how he strikes there at dinner time.

CHORUS.

How'd you like to be the iceman? how'd you like to be the iceman?
Talk about high living, oh! what a cinch.

If I'd Only Had My Razor in the War

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Philander Johnson. Music by Louis A. Lesure.

I went and got enlisted, an' I went away ter fight,
But de Cap'n he had notions an' he didn't treat me right,
I hankered fo' ter meet dem yaller Spaniards face to face,
To scatter 'em, an' spatter 'em permissous 'round de place,
But mah heart was broke by de way de Sergeant spoke,
He had me whar' his 'pinions was de law,
Dem rifles made me nervous, but I'd done a heap of service
If I'd only had mah razor in de war.

CHORUS.

If I'd only had mah razor in de war,
I'd carved an' slashed an' yelled, hip hip, hurrah,
Dat gun I couldn't shoot, but I'd made dem Spaniards scoot,
If I'd only had mah razor in the war.

Yer squints along the barrel an' yer shoots a mile or so,
Perhaps yer done hit sumpfin now, but how's yer gwine to know,
De onliest assistance dat I cares for in a fight,
Is a weapon dat you use close up, jus' so'ster steer it right,
But mah heart was broke by de way de Sergeant spoke,
He had me whar' his 'pinions was de law,
I's privileged ter mention dat I'd stopped dat whole contention
If I'd only had mah razor in de war.—Chorus.

A shootin' "Irons" purty when you're marching on parade,
But when I's out fo' slaughter, why I wants my razor-blade,
A lumber twist er two is all it takes to carve your foes,
Dar ain't no doubt about it, 'case I've tried it and I know,
But mah heart was broke by de way de Sergeant spoke,
He had me whar' his 'pinions was de law,
'Mongst de wenches in St. Louis I'd be just like Mister Dewey,
If I'd only had mah razor in de war.—Chorus.

I'd Hate to Trust My Future Life With You

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Minnie Belle.

There's a chocolate-colored lady, called Angelina Green,
And all the folks for miles around declare she is a queen,
Whenever there's a pink tea, she's always counted in;
If she attends a cake walk, that gal is sure to win,
A dusky individual, who boasts about his style,
Went to Miss Angelina Green, and with his broadest smile,
Said he, "I lubs you, honey, I wants you for my bride,"
But dat poor coon near lost his breath when these words she replied:

CHORUS.

"See here, Mister Jackson, now I knows you,
Your vices are many, your virtues are few,
You trifle with the other gals, and make them all feel sad,
I can see by your eyes, man, dat your heart's bad;
You're certainly very coaxing, but you've got me greatly vexed,
If I likes you one minute, I despises you the next,
You're a natural-born deceiver, and you never could be true,
So I'd hate to trust my future life with you."

Poor Ebenezer Jackson then felt so mighty blue,
He was so disappointed that he didn't know what to do,
Said he, "I'll drown my troubles, and fill myself with gin,
To get an awful "jag" on, he quickly started in,
Said he, "There'll be a hot time in dis here town to-night,"
And so there was, for every place he went he had a fight.
At last he got arrested and sent up for a year,
While he "does time" behind the bars, these words he seems to hear:
—Chorus.

IF I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME YET

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by John U. Hollar.

Last night as I sat by the fireside, thinking of bygone days,
Scenes of the past rose before me, out of the firelight's blaze,
I saw you in all your beauty, and a smile that seemed so true,
It brought back, in all its old-time force, the love I once had for you.

CHORUS.

Shall I no more hear your whisper, must I the old love forget,
Life would be one endless sunshine, if I thought that you loved me yet.

Your smile will now beam on another, surely he has your love,
I hope that he will prove to you true as the stars above,
You'll never know how I loved you, tho' you sent me off in scorn,
As I sat beside the fire last night, mem'ry caused my heart to mourn.

CHORUS.

Shall I no more hear your whisper, must I the old love forget,
Life would be one endless sunshine if I thought that you loved me yet.

And now when I think of the old times, that day when first we met,
Then when you whispered "I love you," that time I'll never forget,
'Twas then that you vowed and promised that from me you'd never part,
But the only things now left to me are tears and a broken heart.

CHORUS.

Shall I no more hear your whisper, must I the old love forget,
Life would be one endless sunshine if I thought that you loved me yet.

When the Mighty Ship Begins to Roll

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Gussie J. Davis.

There's a great big ship a-sailing, and she's on the phantom sea,
When the mighty ship begins to roll;
For some day she's gwine to anchor and take on board you and me,
When the mighty ship begins to roll;
When you coons see her a-landing, you will all turn pale,
Then you'll think of poor old Jonah, who was swallowed by the whale,
You coons may all get seasick, that will be of no avail,
When the mighty ship begins to roll.

CHORUS.

On the phantom sea she's sailing, from here to the skies,
Any time you see her landing, 'twon't be no surprise,
Ev'ry day she makes a voyage, goes from pole to pole,
Now don't you be so wicked, but be ready with your ticket,
When the mighty ship begins to roll.

Oh, the engineer is reckless and they've got a reckless crew,
When the mighty ship begins to roll;
If she ever bursts a boiler, you'll get cooked up in a stew,
When the mighty ship begins to roll;
And they've got no life preservers, so your chance is slim,
Now old Satan has a boat, too, and he keeps her in good trim,
The phantom sea is so wide that you darksies cannot swim,
When the mighty ship begins to roll.—Chorus.

Now you all back-bite your neighbors and forget about the day,
When the mighty ship begins to roll,
And you sit up nights and gamble, but there's one time you won't play,
When the mighty ship begins to roll,
You learn that from the white man—yes, indeed, you do,
That's the reason he's no better, and he's just as bad as you,
That day your nerve will fail you, and you'll find this all out, too,
When the mighty ship begins to roll.—Chorus.

HE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S AT

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

Pat Duffy used to carry bricks, 'till night from early morning,
And all the gang around the works considered him their pride;
They never thought the day would come when he would them be scorning,
It happened when out in the West his wealthy uncle died,
He was the only relative of Millionaire McKiskry,
Who left him all the fortune he had made by curing pork,
Now Duffy is a thoroughbred, and drinks champagne and whiskey,
For since he got the money he is acting like a gawk.

CHORUS.

His patent shoes have a ten-cent shine, his pants have got big creases,
And with the sports he's right in line, when he goes to the races;
His face gets red when a dear old friend will holler, "Hello! Pat,"
Since Duffy's uncle left him the stuff, he don't know where he's at.

As soon as Duffy heard the news he slid right down the ladder,
And with his lawyer got into a cab and drove away;
We thought for old acquaintance he'd return and make us gladder,
By giving every man the price to drink and lose a day,
But not a Duffy came again—in fact, he doesn't know us,
For when we meet him walking up and down Fifth Avenue,
He turns his head the other way, and that is meant to show us
That with his ancient cronies he wants nothing more to do.—Chorus.

A waiter at Delmonico's told Dolan, of our party,
That all the swells are making fun of Duffy's funny breaks;
He shoves his knife 'way down his throat, and when they laugh so hearty,
The silly fool don't tumble to the blunders that he makes;
He's learning how to write, so he can sign his check for money,
And in the park he drives a pair of trotters ev'ry day,
And some one told the gang to day a story that is funny,
He's changed his name from Duffy now, and calls himself Dufay.
—Chorus.



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MY CREOLE SUE

Copyright, 1896, by Hamilton S. Gordon. English copyright secured.
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Words and Music by Guselle L. Davis.

While to-night I sit reflecting over memories of the past,
My thoughts turn to the Louisiana shore;
There my heart first found its happiness, and may it ever last,
Oh, that little girl I'll love forevermore.
Where'er I think of angels then I seem to see her face,
There never beat a heart so fond and true;
And when I left the sunny South, right there I left my heart,
She's the sunlight of my life, my Creole Sue.

CHORUS.

My Creole Sue, how I love you,
I love you still, and always will,
I sigh for you, I do, I do,
And my thoughts are all of you, my Creole Sue.

Through life's journey I have never seen a face to me so fair,
I've never heard a voice that sound so sweet;
And I oft think of the moonlight nights that I spent with her there,
For with her my happiness was quite complete.
A memory still haunts me, and no matter where I roam,
Her words will linger in my ear through life;
One night she whispered softly, "Oh, I love you, yes I do,
And I promise you some day to be your wife!"—*Chorus.*

TWO LITTLE EYES OF BLUE

Copyright, 1896, by Broder & Schlam. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Ernest Hogan.

In a cottage so neat, where the roses abound,
Dwells a couple whose hearts beat as one;
No happier family on earth can be found,
Born to them is a dear little son;
The husband comes home from his work in the night,
He kisses his dear wife so true;
And then he sings gladly this ditty so bright,
To baby with dear eyes of blue:

CHORUS.

Two little eyes of blue, peek-a-boo, I see you;
Two little eyes of blue, I love you, yes, I do;
Two little eyes of blue, none on earth are so true,
My own baby boy, you're my pride and my joy, my two little eyes of blue.

All sorrows and cares will soon vanish away,
In the midst of their baby's sweet smiles,
And his childish prattle throughout the long day,
Their labor and toil soon beguiles.
See papa and baby roll over the floor,
Like playmates in their childish glee,
As mamma plays peek-a-boo behind the door,
Pa dances the boy on his knee.—*Chorus.*

SHE'S SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

Copyright, 1897, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.
Composed by Charles Lawler and James Blake.

Standing at the crossing, waiting to pass on,
She is rudely jostled by the busy throng;
A sweet-faced little woman, so aged and so gray,
Not a hand in all the crowd to help her on her way.
At last a young man, whisper'd in accents soft and low,
I'll help you cross the crowded street, ma'am, if you wish to go;
He helped her over the crossing, then with spirits light and gay,
Returns to his companions, and unto them did say:

REFRAIN.

She's somebody's mother, boys, don't you know,
Somebody's mother, so old and so slow;
And who knows but some one, at some future day,
May help my old mother when I'm far away.

Down a street so crowded, on a summer's day,
Wends a gray-haired woman slowly on her way;
But something seems the matter, for help she feebly calls,
Suddenly she totters and upon the sidewalk falls.
A crowd then quickly gathers, and some one's heard to say:
A woman who's been drinking, but it happens every day;
He little knew the story, or, in other words, he'd say:
She's some one's gray-haired mother just fainted by the way.—*Ref.*

Love Me, Honey, Do

Copyright, 1896, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Richard Stahl.

When de shades of night am fallin'
An' de whip-o-wills am callin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When de darkies am a-singin'
An' dem golden bells am ringin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When yer for de cake am walkin'
An' dem niggah girls ar talkin',
An' a-tryin' for to make a mash on you;
Don't forget your little 'nenny,
Even tho' she's rather skinny,
Love me, ma honey, do!

CHORUS.

Bless dem lips, like cherries,
Sweet as huckleberries;
Come! your own baby longs for you.
Why much longer tarry?
You's de one I'd marry—
Love me, ma honey, do!
Bless dem lips, like cherries,
Sweet as huckleberries!
Come! your own baby longs for you.
Why much longer tarry?
You's de one I'd marry—
Love me, ma honey, do!

When de moon thro' clouds am peepin',
An' de birds am all a-sleepin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When de little stars am blinkin'
Den of yous am fondly thinkin',
Love me, ma honey, do!
When a game of craps you's playin',
Eb'ry time for you I's prayin',
An' I know you likes yer little black-eyed Sue,
You's her beau, her sweetest honey,
Even tho' you's got no money,
Love me, ma honey, do!—*Chorus.*

You'll Always Find a Welcome for You AT HOME, SWEET HOME

Copyright, 1896, by E. T. Paull. Words and Music by Sam E. Allen.

A little maiden left her country home and father dear,
It seemed that she was tired of village life;
To wander in the city, far away from her dear home.
Where all on earth would turn from joy to strife.
But ere a few months had passed by one day there came a note.
She had married one, but he had proved untrue;
The old man sent this answer back, remember my last words,
You'll always find a welcome home for you.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet home, that is the place we all love.
My heart goes back to the scenes of my childhood days;
No matter how humble, nor where on earth we roam,
You'll always find a welcome for you at home, sweet home.

That little maid was sitting in her lonely room one night,
Thinking what the end would bring for her.
She now recalled the pleadings of her mother dead and gone,
To stay at home and comfort father dear.
Alas, the old, old story, just another broken heart,
'Twas a sad mistake, that all her life she'll rue;
She wrote again to father dear, the old man answered back,
Come home, you'll find a welcome here for you.—*Chorus.*

PICTURE EIGHTY-FOUR

Copyright, 1894, by The New York Music Co.
Words by Chas. B. Ward. Music by Guselle L. Davis.

On a pleasant day in summer, at the central station door,
Stopped a carriage with a couple, out sight-seeing, nothing more;
And the gray-haired sup'rintendent kindly showed them through the place
First of all the great rogues' gallery, where they gazed on many a face,
Characters of all descriptions—some were famous men of crime,
Some were dead and some at freedom, some of them were serving time;
Some had stories interesting, as the man explained them o'er,
But the woman fainted when she gazed on picture eighty-four.
'Twas the picture of her father, there among the men of crimes;
Though now a man of honor, but this tells of other times.
Now he lives in style and splendor, worth a million now or more,
Still his picture's in the gallery, picture eighty-four.

"Listen, I will tell the story," said the sup'rintendent then.
"Though that picture's of your father, we have pictures of worse men,
Men whose conscience know no limit, would do anything for gold,
Men with lives they do not value, child, the half has not been told.
Once your father was a forger, forged a check, which brought him shame;
Though this gallery holds his picture, 'tis known by another name.
You were not born when this happened, it was many years ago,
And the world is none the wiser, still it's picture eighty-four."
'Twas the picture of her father, etc.

Good Morning, Mister Policeman

Copyright, MDCCCXCVII, by Henry J. Wehman. Words and Music by Charles Graham.

He was a big policeman, a little maid was she,
Going to school each morning, just as happy as could be,
His post was at the school-house, so they were sure to meet,
And the little scholar's greetings soon became to him a treat;
He waited for her coming, so full of childish grace,
He knew a pleasant smile for him beamed on her sweet, young face;
He felt his heart grow warmer, when he saw her far away,
Knowing well she'd run to greet him, knowing well these words she'd say:

CHORUS.

Good morning, Mister Policeman, I'm not afraid of you,
Because you wear brass buttons and a uniform of blue;
My teacher says she likes you, because you are so kind;
If children just behave themselves, a good friend in you they'll find.

One day the maid was missing—"Her birthday, p'raps," said he;
"If that's why she stays away, I hope she'll happy be."
Yet three days more passed slowly, she came not through the gates,
And the big policeman then inquired of her amongst her mates.
"We did not like to tell you," one brown-eyed lassie said,
"But perhaps you'd better know the truth, sir—little May is dead."
He turn'd aside to hide a tear, sad was his heart that day,
When he knew no more she'd greet him, and no more he'd hear her say:

—*Chorus.*

My Old-Fashioned Girl

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. D. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Harry Dunkel. Music by Fred Haylands.

My girl's an old-fashioned girl—she says
In society she's out of place,
An old-fashioned girl with womanly ways,
And a winsome and womanly face:
A girl who is innocent, modest and sweet,
Who is sensible, earnest and true,
The kind that will surely be obsolete
In another short year or two.

CHORUS.

She's only an old-fashioned girl, you see,
And not in the least up to date,
But she is the kind of a girl for me,
The kind that I want for a mate.
I know it is very old-fashioned to say
Your girl is a saint from above,
But I own I am proud of her old-fashioned way,
And proud of her old-fashioned love.

She's not a girl who aspires to fame,
She does not ape man in her dress,
She does not read books that have a bad name,
Nor herald her views in the press;
She doesn't use slang or her manners forget,
Nor loudly expound Woman's Rights;
She shuns all the fads of the fashionable set,
And home is her great delight.—*Chorus.*



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GIMME MA MONEY

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. Willig & Co. English copyright secured.
Words and music by Nathan Bivins.

Last night I went to a big crap game,
How dem coons did gamble wuz a sin and a shame,
Coats and hats wuz layin' all over de floor.
De house wuz crowded wid lots of toughs,
Wid race horse touts wuz awful rough,
One coon got broke, and dese dese words he said:

REFRAIN.

Gimme ma money, don't think you're funny.
'Cause I'm a nigger—you don't cut no figure,
I'm gambling for my Saddle, 'cause she's my lady,
I'm a hustling coon, and dat's just what I am.

From dere I goes to de Odd Fellows Hall,
To have a good time and dat wuz all,
Another crap game wuz going on among a lot of touts.
I shoots two bits, dat's all I had;
When I lost it, of course dat made me mad,
"Stop dat music," I began to shout.—*Refrain.*

On de floor I dropped a ten-dollar bill.
A gal put her foot on't, her name wuz Lill,
I says, Lady, will you please, main, look out.
She says, Young man, if you get gay,
I'll have my friend to put you away,
And to dis gal I could not help but shout:—*Refrain.*

BRAVE DEWEY AND HIS MEN (DOWN AT MANILA BAY.)

Copyright, 1898, by Dixie Music Co., N. Y.
Words by E. F. Galvin. Music by Thos. M. Kane.

A squadron lay at break of day with enemy in view,
Each boat and tar had sailed afar a glorious deed to do.
American each ship and man, fought that eventful fray!
'Twas Dewey's fleet the foe did meet down at Manila Bay.

CHORUS.

Then raise a cheer all earth can hear, and three times three again,
The noblest tars who sail the sea, brave Dewey and his men!
Then raise a cheer, all earth can hear, and three times three again,
The noblest tars who sail the sea, brave Dewey and his men!

A gallant dash, a roar, a crash, our guns spoke faultlessly,
And Dewey brave quick orders gave, which made new history.
At cannon's mouth our tars did shout, "Avenge the Maine to-day!"
All Spain now weeps, four hundred sleeps down at Manila Bay.—*Chorus.*
The Castile flag, that yellow rag, has dipped to rise no more,
The stripes and stars, and our loved tars, are masters on the shore.
Those heroes grand throughout the land are idolized to-day!
Our foes are slain, no more of Spain down at Manila Bay.—*Chorus.*

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY

Copyright, 1898, by Tom J. Quigley.
Words and Music by Tom J. Quigley.

You have heard of the world's great battles,
And the heroes on land and sea;
There are many whose names are mentioned
Who have shown their bravery;
But the greatest fight in history was fought on the first of May,
By Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

CHORUS.

Then let every American patriot his sincere homage pay,
And sound his praises as he ought, for the man who led the way;
For never was such a battle fought, or victory gained in a day,
As the one by Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

Tho' his course was fraught with danger,
And the enemy's guns in sight,
Each moment might bring destruction,
As he sailed in the bay that night;
When told of the desperate chances, he remembered the Maine and said:
"I must avenge our heroes; I order you to steam ahead!"—*Chorus.*

Ah! no one can tell the horror
And surprise at break of day,
When the Spaniards saw our navy
Floating proudly on the bay.
Then with a thunderous rattle that terrible fight began;
But Dewey crushed their forces without the loss of one brave man.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE HER JUST THE SAME

Copyright, 1896, by Chas. K. Harris.
Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee,
A letter on the table tells the same old, plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face:
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame;
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken;
Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same."

CHORUS.

"I love her, yes, I love her just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name,
Though she's gone with another, she's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her just the same."

The music's softly playing in a ball-room, oh! so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the 'morrow in that gay and giddy crowd,
Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet, there is one amid the throng, who once was pure and true,
But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and husband;
Will he forgive and love her just the same.—*Chorus.*
The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain;
They're looking for a loved one, whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean, the child cries out, "Mamma!"
His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me; I know that I've been guilty;
For baby's sake, please take me home again."—*Chorus.*

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Gusie L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darkey sat in sadness and in gloom,—
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Now I see old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
'Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darkey slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

BACK TO THE ONLY GIRL I LOVE

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.
Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Sad was the hour that we parted, well I remember the day
We quarreled, and then, broken-hearted, we each then went our way,
But still she must think of me sometimes, she does not forget me, I pray;
Our paths though apart, yet I feel in my heart she will take me back [some day.]

CHORUS.

Back to the only girl I love, back to the one I think most of;
Happy I'd be if I only could see my dear little, sweet little loved one.
Even the stars all seem to say, there'll come a time not far away,
So be of light heart, tho' now far apart, she'll take you back some day.

Too soon our dream it was broken—oh, how my heart it did pain,
And each tender, sweet little token she sent me back again; [on their way,
While weeks they have gone since we parted, and months, too, have passed
No doubt she regrets, and the past, too, forgets, and will take me back [some day.—*Chorus.*

My Mother's Kiss Was the Sweetest Of Them All

Copyright, 1890, by T. B. Harms & Co.
Words and Music by Harry F. Allen.

How well do I remember the years that have gone by,
When a youth my pathis were always strewn with flowers;
I never realized the future of sorrow and all care,
That my mother would advise me every hour.
When seated by her side life's story she would tell,
She would tell me how in manhood I could fall;
I would kiss those wither'd lips that I so long have missed,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

CHORUS.

You may kiss your wife, your child, your sister or your brother,
They may all be sweet, but still for one you'll call;
In sorrow or distress, I always will confess,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

Many times I think of mother sitting in that oaken chair,
While the fire in the hearth was burning bright;
I would listen with amazement to the stories she would tell,
And now fondly I would wish 'twas but to-night,
It seems but like a dream since last dear mother I've seen,
Her last words: "My boy, be careful, never fall!"
I kissed her then "good-bye" and she closed her loving eyes,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.—*Chorus.*

WHAT YANKEE LADS WILL DO

Copyright, 1898, by Dixie Music Co.
Words by Edward F. Galvin. Music by Thos. M. Kane.

Ring out the martial summons throughout our land to-day;
A nation's voice hath spoken, the blended blue and gray;
Salute our starry banner, 'twas born of the heaven's blue;
We'll teach the cruel traitors what Yankee lads will do!
We'll teach the cruel traitors what Yankee lads will do!

CHORUS.

We go to fight the foemen, God speed the Gray and Blue;
Our flag's unfurl'd, we'll show the world what Yankee lads will do!
We go to fight the foemen, God speed the Gray and Blue;
Our flag's unfurl'd, we'll show the world what Yankee lads will do!

The day has come for action, our wrath is just and deep;
We'll right the wrong we suffered, where martyr'd heroes sleep;
They died at Freedom's altar, unchalleng'd, brave and true;
We'll show the Maine's destroyers what Yankee lads will do!
We'll show the Maine's destroyers what Yankee lads will do!—*Chorus.*

We're sworn to sacred duty, our tars will sweep the sea;
The Maine will be remember'd, God frowns on treachery;
The long roll sounds now, freemen, your glorious deeds renew;
No flag of truce! show traitors what Yankee lads will do!
No flag of truce! show traitors what Yankee lads will do!—*Chorus.*



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songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on
receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your
selection, for ONE DOLLAR, by H. J. WEHMAN,
108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed
Free upon application.

Maggie Maguire

Copyright, 1896, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By Harry Castling and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl who's simply "out of sight;"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you,
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam,
Say you'll be true and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him;
Somehow they always "make up," though when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

McGinty at the Living Pictures

Copyright, 1896, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan;
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main
When the living pictures came to view,
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw;"
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shout;
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then says he, "Mary Ann, you will see your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers for to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures."

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky,
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I used to;"
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Be golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pall of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he crept, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hoochy-Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead

Copyright, 1893, by H. W. Petrie.

Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas. J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died,
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake;
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the coffin, with a prayer:
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
So the funeral started out on the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console,
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;
So, as clouds began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

OH! PROMISE ME

Copyright, 1889, by G. Schirmer.

Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

AFTERWARDS

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by John W. Mullen.

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I lingered yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flowers have fled that blossomed in that springtide,
The birds are mute that sang their songs above,
And tho' the years have drifted us asunder,
Time cannot break the golden chain of love.
Still we can love, although the shadows gather;
Still we can hope, until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness,
Sometimes my life grows weary of its pain.
Then, love, I wait and listen for your whisper,
Till fears depart and sunshine comes again.
It cannot be that we should part forever,
That love's sweet song is hushed for us away;
I hear it yet, although its theme be altered;
'Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;"
Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last.

COME, PLAY WITH ME

Copyright, 1896, by Francis, Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words by G. F. Hawtrey. Music by Alfred Plumptre.

I have not been here very long, as yet I'm quite a stranger,
And so to try an English song may seem, perhaps, a danger.
One thing I ask, a favor slight, I hope you'll not refuse me,
That if I don't pronounce it right, you kindly will excuse me. [me]
I'm fond of games and romps, you see, I wish you'd come and play with

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
I should like you to play with me,
To play with me, to play with me;
I wish you'd come and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

I have a friend, a nice young man, who likes to linger near me,
And when I told him of my plan, he said he'd come and hear me.
He told me I need fear no fright, that there would be no danger,
He said the song would be all right, although I was a stranger;
But now my friend I cannot see, he won't come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

Tho' I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
He won't come out and play with me,
And play with me, and play with me;
He won't come out and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

He promised he'd be in his place, he promised, too, to cheer me;
He said that I should see his face, and know that he was near me;
But courage! though he is not here, there is not any danger,
You are my friends, I need not fear, although I am a stranger.
Ah! there he is, my friend, I see—will you come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
Will you come out and play with me,
And play with me, and play with me;
Will you come out and play with me,
And play with me all the day long.



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WHY DON'T YOU WEAR YOUR WEDDING RING?

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas. English copyright secured. Words by Henry Simon. Music by Samuel Lehman.

They stood before the altar, a handsome youth and maid,
The choir was singing sweetly, as the chaplain slowly said:
"You take this youthful maiden to be your lawful wife."
He answered "yes, I promise to be true to her through life."
They lived in perfect harmony, until a letter came,
Which told how false he'd been to her; another bore his name.
The wedding ring she wore that day in shame she threw aside,
And when he saw her bath'd in tears, in solemn voice he cried:

CHORUS.

Why don't you wear your wedding ring? now, sweetheart, do not cry,
For something must have happened, love, to break our sacred tie;
Replace it where it's been before, for joy 'twill surely bring;
Come, whisper, darling, tell me true, why don't you wear the ring?"

She handed him the letter, which caused this early strife;
He gazed upon the writing, then, with joy, he told his wife:
"Tis from your former sweetheart, whom you dismissed in shame,
So, mad with jealous rage, he tried to win your love again."
The tears of joy rolled down her face, "Now, darling, all is well;
How I could ever doubt your love is more than I can tell."
He took the wedding ring again, as on that happy day,
And placed it on her finger, for no more to her he'll say.—Chorus.

"OLD GLORY" WAVES ON HIGH

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas. English copyright secured. Words of the chorus by Col. R. H. G. Ingersoll. Composed by Edouard Remeuyl.

Oh, flag of freedom grand! Oh, flag that freemen love!
On land and sea we honor thee all other flags above;
With joy we hail thy stars, unfurled in heaven's blue;
For liberty was born with thee, thou flag of patriots true.
With pride we follow thee, to nobly do or die,
For right and liberty "Old Glory" waves on high.

CHORUS.

All honored flag of stars! unfurl thy folds in freedom's sky.
In light of peace, in cloud of war "Old Glory" waves on high.

Unconquer'd in thy might to stay the tyrant's hand!
Where'er unfurled, o'er all the world the hope of freedom's land!
Thy stars, that proudly gleam, we'll gather to defend;
And death to him those stars would dim, or freedom's banner rend.
Oh, flag of truth and right, oppression to defy,
In majesty and might "Old Glory" waves on high.—Chorus.

She Was Bred in Old Kentucky

Parody—By Andy Garon.

Oh, a tramp he stood one day by a cottage far away,
And to him that day his hunger was something fierce.
He had walked from door to door, he asked for bread and nothing more,
So he knocked, and who should come but Mrs. Pierce,
And he sprang his old, old tale, as his face grew deathly pale,
He said he would be satisfied with bread,
And he thought he had her pat, but he was talking thro' his hat,
For she handed him a dyspepsia cake and said:

CHORUS.

We don't bake bread in old Kentucky, 'cause the rye and grass are blue,
We make moonshine in this country, and we have good horses, too,
We bake biscuits in old Kentucky, if you digest them you're very lucky,
For there's no girl can cook like Sue.

There's a girl in old Kentucky, on whom a friend of mine got stuck,
Her name was Susie, they called her Sue for short,
She was as tall as the grass so blue, that about the country grew,
And her age, oh my, if you guessed it you'd have some sport;
I called on her one day, when her mother was away,
She was doing time in jail, so the neighbors said,
And I can't tell you no lie, the poor girl commenced to cry,
When I asked her history, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

I was bred in old Kentucky,
I was pie in New Orleans,
I was pork in Kansas City,
And in Boston pork and beans,
I was beer in old Milwaukee,
And in St. Paul I was very naughty,
For there's no girl that's travelled like Sue.

STORIES THAT MOTHER TOLD ME

Parody—By Andy Garon.

My brain wanders back to the dark gloomy past,
To the bum happy days of my childhood,
My father was drunk in the path by the pool,
That led to the saloon called the Wildwood,
In nightmares I can see just as plain as can be,
My father's dear face as he'd soak me,
His sweet voice galore I don't care to hear more,
And the tales when a kid that he told me.

CHORUS.

Stories of turnkeys and lawyers,
He promised he'd be good,
The stories of the fines that he'd have to pay,
Or else saw a cord of wood.
Stories of goblets and schooners,
The kind that don't sail the sea,
A man can get drunk upon water
As well as on land, you can see.

The shipmates I knew, and the whole gallant crew,
On our good ship the Maine were sleeping,
And as she lie there the flag she did bear,
To assault it the Spaniards came creeping.
So just about dawn their hatred did wrong,
Believe me it cost them quite dearly.
For the sailors they killed a nation was thrilled,
And you've all heard the story 'bout Dewey.

CHORUS.

Stories of Dewey and Sampson,
Tales of Admiral Schley,
The stories of Lieutenant Hobson
And his eight men who acted so sly,
Stories of Morro Castle,
The fights on land and sea,
In memory ever will linger
The heroes that set Cuba free.

TELL MOTHER THAT I DIED A SOLDIER'S DEATH

Copyright, 1898, by E. Lyons. Words and Music by Edmund Lyons.

On that awful July day, down in Cuba far away,
Lay a soldier slowly breathing out his last;
In the thickest of the fight he had fought with valor's might,
While the Spanish balls were falling thick and fast,
Till at last one laid him low, just as cheers had let him know
That the stubborn foe was conquered and had fled;
And his comrades at his side heard with sorrow, yet with pride,
These few words their brother soldier softly said:
Good-bye, boys, tho' I must die, tell poor mother not to cry,
Tell her not to weep for me, fast came his breath;
Tell her that her boy was true to the dear red, white and blue,
Tell my mother that I died a soldier's death.

CHORUS.

Far away on Cuban shore the hero sleeps forevermore, [perfume,
Around his grave in brightest bloom the wild flowers shed their sweet,
But back at home a mother's yearn goes out for one who'll ne'er return,
And while she loving vigil keeps her boy's at rest, the hero sleeps.

All is peace and joy to-day down in Cuba far away,
And the cruel din of war is heard no more.
But a mother's heart is sad, for she's waiting for her lad
Who is sleeping calmly on the Cuban shore,
Gentle hands laid him away, at the closing of the day,
In a spot made sacred now to sacred dead,
When the long tattoo was done, and the bugle call was blown,
They remembered once again the words he said:
Good-bye, boys, tho' I must die, tell poor mother not to cry,
Tell her not to weep for me, fast came his breath,
Tell her that her boy was true to the dear red, white and blue,
Tell my mother that I died a soldier's death.—Chorus.

"LET'S BE FRIENDS AGAIN."

By Edmund Lyons. Published by the J. A. Bartlett Music Co., Providence, R. I. Copyrighted, 1899.

Long dreary years have passed, my love.

Since last I saw your winning smile,

And gazed into your eyes so true,

And read the love so free from guile;

In sweet content we wandered then

Adown the blissful paths of youth,

With hand in hand and heart to heart,

We dwelt in sweet and loving truth,

Then came the dark and dreary day,

The day when hearts were ruled by pride,

And I would not the words unsay

That drove you, darling, from my side,

But now I know I was to blame,

And humbly now your pardon crave,

And ask again that you may give

The love you once so freely gave.

REFRAIN.

Then come, love, let's be friends again, singing love's refrain,

Loving as of yore, loving more and more.

Love shall bind again hearts now rent in twain,

Let's forget our blighted past, love, let's be friends again.

Since then I've wandered far, my love,

On oceans wide and foreign shore,

And sought my wounded heart to soothe

With beauty's balm and time's blest store,

The love I thought by time to dim

Time only strengthens more and more,

And beauty palled at mem'ry's call

Of her I loved in days of yore;

Thy face has never absent been;

Thy voice I heard, tho' far away,

Thy winning smile of happy youth

Has lingered near me night and day,

Until, at last, I've come to thee,

And humbly ask that you forget

The sorrows that were caused by me,

The words I now so much regret.—Refrain.

Dere's a Spaniard Lives Upstairs

Parody—By Andy Garon.

I'm working in a lunatic asylum, and I don't get very much pay,
When a bughouse comes in here, he come here for to stay;
I hate for to leave this place, I couldn't if I tried,
If I was to walk outside the door, right in again I'd be fired.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm going to leave this place,
Or my name is rain-in-the-face,
Them lunatics make me tired,
They imagine they own the place;
They take me for a pug dog,
And ask me for to bark,
A woman sat right on top of me,
And thought I was a bench in the park.

I went to bed one night, I couldn't eat a bite,
I thought I would take a sleep, when a woman came in sight,
She came right where I lay, and stabbed me with a shears,
And told me that I was her husband, and to come with her upstairs.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm not going to leave this place,
I could stay right here for years.
Everything comes my way,
At these maniacs I've no fears.
I'll bet before I'm through,
I'll be a son-of-a-gun,
If them idiots get too gay with me,
I'll put the asylum on the bum.



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108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

CAREY AND HIS FAIRY

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Helen Raab.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.
The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Carey and his fairy are engaged this many a day,
But, on my word, Tim Carey now is seeking for delay;
For since the fairy's mother has hung up a certain face,
Tim Carey is excited, and he'd like to quit the place.
He thinks it is a picture of some old relation near,
Because it's like the fairy in a way that's very queer;
He has a pain from moaning, "Will my fairy grow like this?
And if she does, good-bye to all the hopes of married bliss."

REFRAIN.

I know friend Tim of old, I'm thinking he'll get bold,
And some day there'll be troubles great in store;
He'll carry in an axe, and when they turn their backs,
He'll break that face and leave it on the floor.

Faith, about the crayon now I'll tell you one and all,
'Twas copied from a photo of the fairy in the fall,
The artist was a peddler, and what do you think he did?
But drape the face in shadows blacker than a sooty lid,
Where lines were curved he drew them straight, or short where they were
He bent the face in places where there was no bend at all; [tall,
He has the fairy peeking thro' a crooked pane of glass,
No wonder Carey's thinking he must break the pledge at last.—*Refrain.*

Carey, mind, has courage when he's out upon a walk,
Ay, with his little fairy, and he's able then to talk;
About when they'll be wedded and sweet happy days in store;
But quickly drops the subject when he hears the fairy's door,
For well he knows when once inside he'll see upon the wall
That devil of a picture that will make his courage fall;
He then grows dumb and hardened towards the fairy's winsome ways,
And Carey's little fairy wonders why her Tim delays.—*Refrain.*

Mother, Don't Cry

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Helen Raab.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 40c.
The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Swift ran the tide to the ocean, under the great swaying dome,
Wiften the human commotion, passing from workshop to home.
Faster than ever the ship-sail, speeding in silence to sea,
Gleamed at a child's face, while this sad wail sounded her heart's agony:

REFRAIN.

Mother, don't cry; mother, don't sigh;
Father will follow us home by and by;
Please let him rest, he'll do his best,
Surely he'll come with us—mother, don't cry.

Hundreds and thousands passed onward, blind to the mother and girl,
Leading their wanderer homeward, out of temptation's mad whirl.
Though he may stagger and stumble, with a weak grasp on the rail;
Though o'er the hoarse-sounding rumble echoed the little one's wail:—*Ref.*

On struggled mother and wee one, on with their burden of care,
No one would offer to help them, all lacked the courage to dare.
Each one forgetting a brother, each one o'erlooking the child,
Deaf to the sighs of the mother, and to that cry weird and wild:—*Ref.*

Many a true man is reeling close to destruction's dark brink,
Over him secretly stealing, ruin that follows strong drink.
Stranger, perhaps to your warning such a one would give more heed
Than to a helpmate's sad mourning, and though his little ones plead:

Do Ask Me Again

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.
The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

My beau was long timid and I was too slow,
That's why I'm now single, I'd have you all know,
For John popped the question a fortnight ago,
And foolishly I answered "No."
I did not mean no, but he frightened me so,
After years of long waiting it came like a blow;
I thought him so bashful, but I was too slow,
Oh, why did I answer him "No."

CHORUS.

And now I'm so sorry, do ask me again, ask me again;
Johnnie, dear Johnnie, oh, ask me again;
I'll say "Yes" the minute you ask me again, ask me again;
Johnnie, dear Johnnie, do ask me again.

John calls quite as often as ever before,
But now he's more bashful and this I deplore,
For I fear the question he'll pop nevermore,
Oh, why did I answer him "No."

I'm heartsick and sore, your advice I implore,
Had I better say this to the man I adore,
"Dear John, I just blundered, do ask me some more,
And this time I will not say "No."—*Chorus.*

Shame! You Little Tattle-Tale

Copyright, 1897, by The Harmony Guild.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Mary Agnes Hayes.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.
The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Mother says my name is Jane, surely she must know it;
Yet I have another one, girls in school bestow it.
'Tis, they say, because I tell ev'ry little thing,
In my ear the live-long day, this is what they sing:

REFRAIN.

Shame! you little tattle-tale, ev'rybody knows your name,
You are such a real mean thing, you shan't join when we play ring.
You tell tales on ev'ry one, spoiling all our romping fun;
Go and hide your face in shame! Tattle, Tattle-tale's your name.

Though of them I do complain daily to the teacher,
And although she keeps them in, they keep crying peacher.
No one will leave me alone—'pon my word 'tis so,
Ev'ry one calls out to me, when I come or go:—*Refrain.*

Secrets are not made to keep honestly and truly;
Ev'ry single girl knows this, married ones do surely.
Yet my playmates say to me, "You have news for sale,"
Me they call that horrid name, "Tattle, Tattle-tale."—*Refrain.*

WE'LL HOLD THE PHILIPPINES

Copyright, 1899, by Helen Raab.
Words by Francis Harmon. Music by Helen Raab.
Sheet music published by The Harmony Guild, 131 W. 38th St., New York. Price 50c.
The sheet music can also be obtained from the publisher of this book.

Whoever wins a fight, in love or war alike,
Is entitled to the honor due success;
In love to claim the maid, in war the foeman's blade,
And the treasures the defeated may possess.
So it is with Uncle Sam, he bade his valiant band
To free the burdened islanders of Spain;
Dewey won the Philippines, and the Yankee eagle screams,
"The Philippines we'll hold for freedom's reign."

REFRAIN.

The Yankee eagle screams, "We'll hold the Philippines,
That her people nevermore may be oppressed;
Our flag shall ever wave, to free the true and brave,
And our banner shall by noble deeds be blessed,
Who mutters "Take it down" shall meet the freeman's frown,
And tremble as the sword-hand takes the hilt;
The Yankee eagle screams, "We'll hold the Philippines,
Where tyrants reign our altars shall be built."

The Philippines we'll hold, and nations growing bold
Will regret it if our sailor boys they meet;
Who have a taking way, a very raking sweep,
And perform their duty with a gallant sweep.
"Yes, we'll free the Philippines," the Yankee eagle screams,
They shall not hail this Aguinaldo king,
And to all the people there we shall ever be most fair,
To them the freeman's blessings we would bring.—*Refrain.*

A Dead Fly Coon

Copyright, 1896, by Herald Square Music Co. Words and music by Harry Rogers.

Now I'm a colored gentleman,
As you can plainly see,
Though some folks call me nigger—
Yes, but that don't bother me;
I know I'm not a white man,
Tho' I hope to change some day,
And when the white folks shout who is dat coon,
Now dis is what I say:

CHORUS.

My name's Pete Johnson, I can do a coon cake walk;
My name's Pete Johnson, and my education talks,
My style just shows you that I don't go around with gawks,
For I'm no loon, but a dead-fly coon, and my name's Pete Johnson.

Now when I'm walking on Broadway,
In the daytime or the night,
And the wenches they catch sight of me
Their color all turns white,
And when I do approach them
In that coon-like cake-walk style,
Then they shout out, Nigger, what's your name,
Then I shout with a smile:—*Chorus.*

You've heard of niggers done turn white,
But none you never saw.
But I'm the nig' that lick'd that
Spaniard on the upper floor,
I couldn't stand to see his
Nationality about,
So I hit him and I turned him white,
And then commenced to shout:—*Chorus.*

Kindness Would Have Saved Her

Copyright, 1898, by The Herald Square Music Co.
Words and Music by Chas. H. Milton.

A father was sitting beside his child,
Praying to God in heaven
To bring back to life his own dear wife,
He never would leave her again;
He could not see what the future would bring;
He would have taken more care
Of the poor wife at home, and child alone.
Her troubles he'd never share;
At last, in despair, she ended her life;
The child found her there in bed—
Cried, Mamma, please wake! no answer came;
And then to her Father she said:

CHORUS.

Oh, Papa, please wake Mamma, don't let her sleep so long;
You know I'm very hungry, don't scold me if I'm wrong.
Now, tell me why you're crying; why don't you answer, dear;
Oh, please wake up my Mamma, for Papa don't seem to hear.

He thought of the dear child she left behind,
Calling for her dear mother;
The stern voice of faith cried out too late—
With KINDNESS YOU WOULD HAVE SAVED HER.
Days that have past they will never return,
Leaves fade and fall to the ground;
There is many a life that fades away,
That ne'er hears a loving sound.
This lesson we learn each day of our lives,
A kind word will always pay;
Just think of the wife at home alone,
And baby who heard Papa say:

CHORUS.

No, Baby, I can't wake her—your Mamma she is dead;
The angels they have called her, above her spirit fled;
Now, tell me that you love me, from you I'll never part;
Oh, please, don't take my baby, for that would break my heart.



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songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on
receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your
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HOW I LONG TO SEE MY OLD VIRGINIA HOME

Copyright, 1899, by Martin, James & Co.
Words by D. A. Byron. Music by Harry Steiner.

How I long to see my old Virginia home,
The place where I spent my happiest hours;
By the stream where I once loved to roam
With my darling Rose, the fairest of all flowers,
But my love has passed away, the only girl I loved.
But we shall meet on Judgment Day with angels fair above.

Chorus.

But I'll never see my old home any more,
Never wander in the gloaming as of yore,
For the flower that I loved is gone before,
And those happy days will never come again.

I had such a pleasant dream last night,
Of my old home I always loved so well;
And my sweetheart who made life so bright,
None but kindest words from her lips ever fell,
But those happy days are o'er, I wished my dream was true,
And I could live those days again, the days I'll never rue.—Chorus.

Cleopatra Jones

Copyright, 1896, by the Grand Piano Co. Composed by E. W. Dustin.

There's a gal lives down the alley, an' she beats 'em all for style,
She's ma Cleopatra Jones;
When she loves dem odder niggahs, she jus' loves 'em for a while,
Sweet Cleopatra Jones;
She's ma copper-colored honey, not too light nor not too dark;
She's ma ever good an' only one, the one I loves to spark;
I've been often fock'd to pull ma razor comin' tro' de park
Wild Cleopatra Jones.

CHORUS.

Cleopatra Jones, I really do love you, I do;
Any odder niggah trifles, gets his heart mos' cut in two;
Tell me dat yo' loves dis niggah in yo' sweetest tones,
You are ma only lump of sweetiness, Cleopatra Jones.

Ma only Cleopatra won a cake de odder night,
Sweet Cleopatra Jones;
Of course, some odder niggah had to go an' start a fight
Over Cleopatra Jones;
A great big pop-eyed niggah made a lightnin' rush for me,
But I stopped his awful rushin' wid ma razor, don' you see!
Den ma Cleopatra loved me more, she couldn't let me be.
Sweet Cleopatra Jones.—Chorus.

AN AUTUMN DREAM

Copyright, 1895, by Hockett Bros. Punttenney Co. By Ella May Smith.

We met 'twas in September, at the close of a perfect day;
Ah, well do I remember, though time has passed away,
The leaves were dropping one by one,
The woodbine turning red and brown,
'Twas sunset in its last red splendor. Was it a dream?

We loved 'twas in September, our path was strewn with flowers;
Our passion was love's holliest gift, eternal hope was ours.
We sung of roses whose sense
Breathed ardent love intense,
Sweet words of love, how they ring. Was it a dream?

We parted in September, ah, day of grief and pain,
Too well do I remember, the message when it came,
'Man's love is of man's life a part,
'This woman's whole existence'—
I mourn for the love of a faithless heart. It was a dream.

The Nigger Said Bah

Copyright, 1898, by Lehmann, Scheuer & Thomas.
Words and Music by Wm. A. De Mont.

'Way down South, in my home, whar' de niggers lib so fine,
Stealin' all de chickens an' de sheep dat dey can find;
Tell you 'bout a coon named Johnson, stole a lamb one day,
He had to get a lawyer or dey'd put dat coon away.
De lawyer he told Johnson just what he'd have to pay,
An' when he went beto' de judge just what he'd have to say.
De day it was app'nted, an' de judge was in his seat;
De nigger must be tried fo' stealin' white folks' mutton meat.

CHORUS.

"Bah, bah, bah!" To everything he asked him it was "Bah, bah, bah!"
Just like a sheep goes "Bah!" "Bah, bah, bah!"
An' when de judge discharged him,
De nigger walked out ob de court, sayin' "Bah, bah, bah!"

Nigger walked out in de street, as big as any lord,
Told his friends for miles around, an' how dem niggers roar'd.
De coon he had his treasures hid 'way underneath the bed;
If ever dey had searched his house, dat coon 'ould sure drop dead.
Next day de lawyer came 'round fo' money dat was due;
De coon had built a fire an' was cookin' mutton stew;
De lawyer asked fo' money dat was promised him next day;
De nigger played off deaf and dumb, an' "Bah, bah" he did say.

CHORUS.

"Bah, bah, bah!" To everything he asked him it was "Bah, bah, bah!"
Just like a sheep goes "Bah!" "Bah, bah, bah!"
An' when de lawyer left him
De nigger ate his mutton stew, sayin' "Bah, bah, bah!"



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There May Be Others in This Wide World BUT THEY'RE SELDOM SEEN

Copyright, 1899, by John F. Morrissey.
Words by Jack Morrissey. Music by W. Kendall Hallowell.

There is a swell little maiden I adore, I adore;
Most ev'ry evening together on love's wings we soar,
All of the boys are as jealous as can be, as can be,
For this little girl is my sweetheart, and she lives 'cross the street from me.

Chorus.

She is not so handsome as some desire,
Her eyes so bright, her voice like a golden lyre,
But to me my girl is a perfect queen;
There may be others in this wide world, but they're seldom seen.

On New Years day me and Mamie to the altar will go;
On that day my little sweetheart will wed her beau;
Now this day will be a happy one for me—yes, for me,
Through life's stormy pathway together she will share all of it with me.—Chorus.

HE WAS A SINGER

Copyright, 1899, by The Grand Piano Co. Words and Music by W. A. Crause.

A poor old man with careworn face passed slowly down the street,
Mansions stood on every side where wealth and fashion meet,
'Twas New Year's eve and all was gay within a home that night;
His thoughts returned to former years at that familiar sight;
He paused a moment at the sound of singing sweet and low,
Then quietly drew near the door from whence the sound did flow;
It was a dear old loving song he sang in a bygone day;
He was a singer of renown, but sadly went astray.

Chorus.

He was a singer, in days long, long ago;
His voice has lost its sweetness, his form is bending low—
Many hearts were brightened with songs too sweet to last,
He was a singer, but his day has passed.

The singing ceas'd, applause rang thro' the mansion loud and clear,
While just outside the stranger stood and shed a silent tear,
Two gentlemen about to leave had stepp'd outside the door;
He stood aside to let them pass, they ne'er had met before;
I love to hear the singing, sir, you won't object, I know;
I used to sing that same old song not many years ago;
He told the story of his life, when he had wealth and fame;
They both recalled the stranger, when in sorrow told his name.—Chorus.

Remember, You Have a Brother K. OF P.

Copyright, 1897, by Harry F. Cook. By Harry F. Cook.

The gallant knights of old, in armor bright,
Pledged their words in honor for the right;
Where truth and friendship entwined us all,
Give a helping hand the first to call.
In want and distress, wherever you may be,
Remember, you have a brother K. of P.

CHORUS.

You may travel this wide world o'er and o'er,
And cross the ocean dark and deep;
You may traverse the land far and near,
From ocean to ocean's mighty span you'll hear
A welcome call wherever you may be,
Remember, you have a brother K. of P.

When far away from loved ones and home,
And among strangers in other lands you roam,
You will always meet with a friendly hand
To guide you on through this mighty land;
Or in a foreign clime you may be,
Remember, you have a brother K. of P.—Chorus.

With extended hands of welcome we greet you,
In friendship trusted, tried and true;
With glad tidings of joy we'll meet you,
In sickness and in sorrow we're with you, too,
To give a helping hand wherever you may be,
Remember, you have a brother K. of P.—Chorus.

IT IS THE SAME OLD STORY

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. A. Crause. Words and Music by Wm. A. Crause.

'Twas at a pleasure garden, in the central part of town,
A jolly crowd were laughing, the curtain had rung down;
They were drinking to the good health of one and then the other,
When suddenly a man sprang up, it was a woman's brother,
'What brings you here,' he said, in tears, 'I thought you married, Nell,
This is no place for virtue, girl, I beg of you to tell.'
She lingered there in silence, in shame she bow'd her head;
At last she gained the courage, and to him she softly said:

CHORUS.

"It is the same old story, told o'er and o'er again;
No need explain the details, John, 'twould only give me pain;
I was happy once like you, with a sweetheart I thought true,
A villain, you see, he was to me, it is the same old story."

"You left us, Nell, so happy, your heart was all aglow;
Your many friends all miss you, they loved you so, you know;
When mother got your letters with joy she read them there,
To know her only daughter was free from want and care—
You did not write the awful truth, you were too proud, I see,
But let the past be all forgot, and come back home with me."
"No, John, I cannot face her, 'tis more than I can bear;
You tell her when you meet again that some day I'll be there."—Chorus.

When the sad news reached the mother, it pierced her loving heart,
She longed to see her Nell once more before they two must part;
One day she sent a message, imploring her return;
It read, "your mother's dying now, the cause you soon shall learn."
But when she reached the mother's side—alas, it was too late;
"Forgive me, mother dear," she cried; "'twas I who caused your fate;
Oh! speak to me," she pleaded, "I've come back now to stay."
No answer came to welcome her, again we hear her say:—Chorus.

THEY NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME

Copyright, 1897, by Sterling & Von Tilzer. English copyright secured.
Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

A lassie who had left her happy homestead long ago,
While passing down a crowded street one day,
Came face to face with one who in the past had loved her so.
Her sweetheart from the village far away.
She turned away to hide the tears; he said, don't shrink from me,
You know that once we were engaged to wed.
My mother and my father, Ned, she faltered tearfully,
Do they ever speak of me, and then he said:

CHORUS.

They never mention your name,
Nell, since you left home so long ago,
They do not censure or blame,
Nell, and they love you still, I know;
Come back with me when I go.
Don't let me plead in vain.
You'll be happy yet, they'll forgive and forget,
If you'll only come home again.

Near Ned, she said, I long to see the old folks once again,
To greet my dear old mother as of yore.
But father, would he welcome me, my heart would ache with pain
If ever he should turn me from his door.
I'll take you home as my wife, Nell, he whispered, I love you;
In spite of all, you're still my promised bride.
The past can be forgotten, we will start life o'er anew.
The old folks, too, would welcome you, he cried.—Chorus.

CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?

Copyright, 1897, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.
Words by Maurice Shapiro. Music by S. Furtz.

All alone within a church, an organist did play,
Rehearsing tunes so sacred, new hymns for Christmas day,
But somehow there was sadness, as the music then rang out,
The echoes seemed repeating in a pleading way cloud,
Can you not forgive her, the one you once loved best,
Can you not forget it, and grant her one request,
For before him lay a letter, from her who did repent,
And in melody he told the words of the message she had sent.

CHORUS.

Can you forgive me, can you forget,
I loved you dearly; yes, I love you yet.
Though I have wronged you, caused you pain untold,
Can you forgive me, and love me as of old?

His head sank on the keyboard, the tears were falling fast,
He thought of wife and baby, a vision of the past,
For she one day had left him, brought disgrace upon his name,
Destroyed the home he cherished, until repentance came,
Can you not forgive me, a voice rang out so wild,
Can you not have pity upon me and our child?
For at the church door stood his wife, she'd heard the sad refrain.
One joyous cry, clasped to his breast, she did not plead in vain.—Chorus.

MISTER JOHNNY WISE

Copyright, 1898, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.
Words by Byron S. Andrews. Music by Harry T. Von.

I will tell you of a chap I know, you all must know him, too,
At some time or another he has had his chance at you,
He knows all kind of people and he is so wondrous wise,
He's an information bureau in disguise.
If you're looking for a long-lost friend, and don't know where to go,
Just meet this chap and ask him, he will put you right, I know,
As an up-to-date directory he really takes the prize,
He's the only thing that happened. Who? why Mister Johnny Wise.

CHORUS.

Mister Johnny Wise, as you may surmise,
Contradict him on your life, if you do 'twill end in strife.
People at him cry, when he passes by,
There's the man that knows it all. Who? Mister Johnny Wise.

You will find him at the race track, too, he's ready with his tip,
On railroad trains or trolleys you can meet him every trip,
He'll give you points on baseball, tell you who will win the game,
Our next candidate for President he'll name.
He's the man who first invented those great words, "I told you so,"
Spring something new, he'll say, "Old man, I heard that long ago."
And from politics and poker, down to baking pumpkin pies,
You can't lose him for a minute. Who? why Mister Johnny Wise.—Chorus.

YO' MUST RESPECT DIS COON

Copyright, 1898, by the Orphean Music Publishing Co.
Words and Music by E. Nattee

Last night I went to Johnson's Hall,
De colored folks dey gave a ball;
Ob course I took mah Baby Sue,
An' I regret I did it, too.
A big, swell coon, from Tarrytown,
He stared at her an' hung aroun';
So all mah blood jumped to ma head,
I cleared mah throat an' loudly said:

CHORUS.

Don't yo' be hangin' 'roun' dis lady,
Can't yo' see, man, dat she's mah baby?
Dar'll be trouble soon, I bet you!
If I have fo' to call yo' down,
Yo' won't go back to Tarrytown;
Yo' must respect dis coon!

De music played a new cake walk,
And dat big coon began to talk;
He said he'd dance if wif mah Sue,
But 'course dat bone I did not chew.
I walked wif her right up an' down,
And nebber heard anoder soun';
He took his hat an' cane an' fled,
Fo' he remembered dat I said:—Chorus.

At one o'clock I left de spot,
An' dat's de time de soup was hot;
Aroun' de corner layed dat nig,
He had a razor 'bout so big,
But all de same I knocked him down,
Jest like a broom he swept de groun';
He swore he'd kill me yet some day,
But dis I said and walked away:—Chorus.

THAT'S NO DREAM

Copyright, 1894, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.
Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

A maiden sweet lives down our street, with eyes of blue,
With golden hair beyond compare, and heart so true,
She's my beau, I'd have you know, she loves me, too;
Boys, it's no dream, she's my little sunbeam,
And I don't mind telling you that

CHORUS.

I love Carrie, and Carrie loves me, I know;
Soon we'll marry and happy we'll be, that's so.
Talk of love in a cottage, down by a stream,
In a flat we will dwell, and have steam heat as well, boys,
And that's no dream.

I've not much dust, but still I've just enough for two,
So can't you guess, she answered yes, I'll marry you,
By and by my girl and I some day will roam,
Pick out a flat, and a swell one at that,
Then won't it be home, sweet home, for—Chorus.

THE SHAMROCK

The Emblem of Ireland.

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield.

Words by Frank Abbott. Music by Louis Maurice.

There's a sweet little leaflet, which poets have sung of,
On history's pages its name may be seen,
'Tis known as the symbol and loved as the emblem
Of a dear little island all covered with green.
It's good luck to find it, a pleasure to see it,
An honor to wear it next true Irish hearts,
Our forefathers wore it, their banners all bore it,
I'll love, I'll adore it till life from me parts.

CHORUS.

The shamrock, the shamrock,
So modest and lowly, so pure and so holy,
The shamrock, the shamrock,
My emblem and Ireland's, the shamrock.

There's a sweet blue-eyed colleen who's won my affections,
She's fair and she's Irish, what more can I say;
She's wilful and trying, and sometimes she'll tease me,
But, bless her true heart, why that's only her way;
I saw her last evening and asked her to give me
A token of love as a link to our hearts,
She took from her bosom and gave me a shamrock,
I'll love, I'll adore her till life from me parts.—Chorus.

MY HOME OF LONG AGO

Copyright, 1898, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.
Words by Maurice Shapiro. Music by Harry von Tilzer

Last night I dreamt I saw again my home of long ago,
The shady lane, the babbling brook, the valley and the hill,
The meadow and the cornfield, the valley and the hill,
The same old trees and flowers all seemed to grow there still,
I saw the little homestead, where as a child I used to play,
The same old school-house down the road, the church across the way,
And in the village church-yard, beneath a mould of clay,
There lay the one that I loved best, near my old home far away.

CHORUS.

My home, my dear old home; my home, in days of yore;
Sad recollections hover 'round me forevermore,
And in my dreams I see again the place that I loved so,
Where as a child I used to roam, my home of long ago.

'Twas standing by the old school-house I saw Nell long ago,
I loved her then, when first we met, 'twas there I told her so;
The stream flows by the school-house, the birds sing just as gay;
Their song has lost their sweetness since Nell has passed away,
And in my dreams I saw her stand as she stood in days gone by,
The same old smile was on her face, the love light in her eye;
She told me that she loved me as on that summer day
She promised that she'd be my wife, in the old home far away.—Chorus.

Have a Jolly Time

Copyright, 1898, by Consolidated Music Pub. Ass'n. English copyright secured.
Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry von Tilzer.

O'Grady gave a racket down in old Hibernia Hall,
His friends assembled there from far and near;
The admission cost them nothing, 'twas an invitation ball,
The only thing they had to buy was beer.
The fun was fast and furious, O'Grady was in line,
Admiring friends were crowded all about.
When Mike thought things were getting slow, he'd jump upon the stage,
And like an Indian he'd loudly shout:

CHORUS.

Have a jolly time, dancing, prancing,
Till the day is dawning, have a jolly time,
Reeling, spilling, won't go home till morning,
Have a jolly time, blow in every dime;
Don't you be a dunce, for you only live but once,
So have a jolly time.

The evening wore away, Mike drank with all the friends he knew,
Imbued with some he never seen before,
And he toasted dear old Ireland, spoke a word for Cuba, too,
Shook hands with ev'ry lady on the floor;
But Mike was only human, soon there was a grand collapse,
The tide within his head was rising fast;
And as he sank down on the floor, he feebly raised his head,
And kept on yelling loudly to the last:—Chorus.



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The Lady with the Rag-Time Walk

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Armstrong Bros.

There's a wench that's raising Cain,
And dey call her "Rag-time" Jane;
She's got the coons all hypnotized
Around here, now that's plain;
For she walks and talks "Rag-time,"
She does the real coon-jine,
The nigs all sigh, you'll hear dem cry,
When Jane comes down the line.

CHORUS.

"Here comes that lady with the rag-time walk,"
You'll hear them coons all say,
The lady with the "rag-time" talk
Is a-comin' down this way;
She's got all the coons around insane,
They've all got "rag-time" on the brain,
For a dead-swell gal is 'Liza Jane,
De wench with the "rag-time" walk.

At a cake walk she excels
All the other colored belles;
The wenchies black from her get back,
She captures all the swells;
When the colored belles turn out,
She's the "Queen" without a doubt,
As dark as night, dressed out of sight,
You'll hear them coons all shout:—*Chorus.*

KISS YOUR GOOSIE WOOSIE

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. B. Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by C. G. Cotes. Music by Bennett Scott.

In a little street, in a little town, not very far from here,
A fellow and a girl made love, in manner rather queer,
He called her "duck," she called him "goose," they got along all right,
And this is what the neighbors heard, from eight 'till twelve each night:

CHORUS.

Kiss your goosie woosie, kiss your goosie woosie, do!
Then I'll go home to bed at once and dream of you;
Then up went all the windows, and twenty voices said:
"For goodness sake, kiss goosie, and we all can go to bed."

Though the neighbors tried hard to stop the row, it wasn't any use,
They said they'd like to roast the duck and drown the little goose,
In rain or shine 'twas just the same, they'd never soak or freeze,
Between each thunderclap these words came floating o'er the breeze:—*Chorus.*

All the neighbors got out their guns and wrote in chalk upon the wall,
"If you don't leave at ten to-night, you will not leave at all."
At half-past ten that night two shots proclaimed the deed was done,
And now two phantom forms appear and sing from twelve to one:—*Cho.*

Who Will Marry Me?

Copyright, 1893, by Hien & Co.

Words and Music by Chas. Robinson.

My name's Daniel Mooney, don't think that I am looney,
For the way I talks, I know, is fooney;
The reason why I'm glad, I've a letter from me dad,
Who died and left me all his money.
And when his will was read out, it told me what to do;
If I would have his money, I would have to marry, too;
So I am looking for a lady who'll consent to marry me,
And we'll sail for Ireland in the morning.

CHORUS.

"Who is the lady now, where is the lady now,
Who is the lady that's going to marry me?
Come, come, answer quick, I will marry on the lick,
And sail for Dublin in the morning.

See a lady sitting there, who I think is young and fair,
If she'll only wed me I'll be happy;
I'll buy her diamond rings, lots of silks and other things,
Remember me heart goes wid me money;
And when we're wed a year or so, a cradle we will buy,
To rock the tootsy-wootsy in—that is, when he does cry,
And if he grows to be a man, just like his papa,
We'll have wine and whiskey in the morning.—*Chorus.*

Now don't be ashamed of me, I'm not handsome, you can see,
But a truer husband, I'll swear, you'll ne'er get;
—I'll do the best I can, always be a sober man;
When we get our money we'll buy a house and land;
We'll furnish up the parlor in the latest, grandest style,
And then return to Ireland and stay there for a while,
But when we do return again, I'll have you all to know,
We'll have wine and sponge cake in the morning.—*Chorus.*

By the Sad Sea Waves

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Words by Lester Barrett. Music by Lester Thomas.

In the glorious summer season ev'rybody takes a trip
To the seaside for enjoyment, on the sands they gaily skip;
Married men with wives and children, single johnnies on the mash,
Pretty girls who seek for husbands who have pockets full of cash.

CHORUS.

By the sad sea waves, where the ladies are so charming,
By the sad sea waves, in the glorious summer time;
With their fetching smiles and dresses, rosy lips and golden tresses,
Shady nooks and sly caresses, by the sad sea waves.

At a boarding-house in Newport, Percy Vere met Gladys Gray,
Soon he showed his fond affection, took her driving ev'ry day;
By his tone he seemed a marquis, she had jewels in galore,
So they formed a love engagement, as they strolled along the shore.

CHORUS.

By the sad sea waves, every night he took her strolling,
By the sad sea waves, he would swear his heart was gone;
She's the only girl he sings to, she's the girl he says nice things to,
Promised lovely diamond rings to, by the sad sea waves.

When their holidays were over, and they had to say adieu,
He to join his yacht at Brighton, she to join her papa, too;
They agreed to write each other billet doudlets ev'ry day,
And when he'd his mansion ready, they'd be married right away.

CHORUS.

From the sad sea waves back to business in the morning,
From the sad sea waves to his humble "five a week,"
In a cook-shop he goes dashing, who should bring his plate of nash in
But the girl he had been mashing by the sad sea waves.

The Song That Will Live FOREVER

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Words by Tom Browne. Music by Felix McGlennon.

'Twas a glorious night, and the moon shone brightly,
As around the camp-fires the soldiers lay;
Their hearts were bold, and they beat, ah, so lightly,
Tho' they might be stilled in the coming fray.
It was all in vain that they courted slumber,
So they 'roun'd and sat there the whole night long,
Telling tales and talking the old times over,
When at last one sang them a sweet old song.

CHORUS.

The song that will live forever, forever and for aye!
Ages may come and ages may go, the song shall live away;
While human hearts are beating on the land or foam,
The song that will live forever is "Home, Sweet Home!"

As the words rang out in that far-off wildwood,
Ev'ry warm, true heart breathed a silent prayer;
For they thought of home, the dear home of their childhood,
And the ones they loved, who were waiting there.
Ah! they thought of parents, of wives and children,
Sweethearts, friends and playmates across the foam;
They were brave men's tears in the husky voices,
As they joined the chorus of "Home, Sweet Home.—*Chorus.*

Hark! what was that? A bugle call? To arms! to arms! to arms!
Up sprang those gallant heroes then to face grim war's alarms;
And fast they're battling there 'gainst death, 'mid bay'net, shot and shell,
Where, fighting to the last, the gallant soldier singer fell, the soldier singer
He hears the cry of "Victory!" and with his dying breath, [fell.
He bids his comrades not to grieve for his, a soldier's death.
"Good-bye," he cries, "Good-bye! I lived for those across the foam,
For them I die! God bless them, boys, I've sung my last of home!"—*Cho.*



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DON'T WORRY, DAD FOR I AM COMING HOME

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By Wm. S. Estren.

In a crowded city street there stood an old gray-headed man,
Confusion on his face was plainly seen,
When starting off a few short steps he stops and looks around,
As in his eyes the tears began to gleam;
If I could only find her, in feeble voice he said,
When 'round him then there stops the passers by.
A girlish form push'd thro' the crowd, stepped to the old man's side,
With arms around his neck, began to cry:

CHORUS.

Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home,
Your sad face tells me you have been alone,
You've missed your darling Kate, I'll go back ere 'tis too late,
Don't worry, dad, for I am coming home.

In a pretty country home strayed, free from guilt or gulleful ways,
Where naught but love across her young life fell,
'Till budding into womanhood the evil tempter came,
She loved him not too wisely but too well;
One early morn she left them, it broke her mother's heart,
Her father sought to find her in despair;
When broken down from feebleness, the last hope nigh had flown,
He heard his daughter's voice cry in his ear:—*Chorus.*

MY LITTLE PICKANINNY

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by Will H. Kerr.

You'll hear de white folks tell about dere baby boy,
Each say dere's is de finest in de land,
But I'se a boy dat's jus' as nice, he's my one joy,
He's black, but all de same he's just as grand.
Each evening when my work is done I takes him on my knee,
And sing for him a sweet rock-a-by.
If that don't soothe him then I hugs him close to me,
And sing for him dis little lullaby:

CHORUS.

Loo, la Loo, my baby boy, now close yo' little eyes and go to sleep;
Daddy! bring you some new toy, my little pickaninny sleep.

A cute and cunnin' little lad's dis boy of mine,
His lips am sweet as honey on de comb,
His eyes am brighter than de stars do ever shine,
And he's a ray of sunshine in our home.
His daddy works de whole day long, then home does quickly come,
To roll him 'roun' de floor in childish glee,
And when he's tired out I takes him up and hum
Dis lullaby, he nestles close to me.—*Chorus.*

Sweet May Brady

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. Words by C. J. Mapp. Music by J. B. Cohen.

Of all the girls in all the world there's but one girl for me,
All call her sweet May Brady, for she's sweet as sweet can be,
Whene'er the lads they try to win my sweetheart from my side,
She smiles and gently tells them "nay," for she's my promised bride.

REFRAIN.

Sweet May Brady, my lady with heart so true,
Eyes, so dancing and glancing, of deepest blue,
Won't you name a day when we may marry, do!
And money, I'll burn it, as fast as I earn it, sweet May, for you!

Since from this precious little girl my happy fate I learned,
I've saved my dimes and nickels, too, nor even pennies spurned,
Until I now have quite enough to build a home for May,
And Sunday next, while in the park, she'll name our wedding day.—*Ref.*

EVERY DAY WILL BE SUNDAY BY AND BY

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Arthur J. West and Chas. Koblman.

Last Sunday night with my sweetheart to a picnic I did go,
All the boys from the neighborhood were also there you know,
When the picnic was over, coming home all the boys did sing,
To their sweethearts beside them this song in their ears would ring:

CHORUS.

Ev'ry day will be Sunday by and by,
We will both be happy, love, you and I,
No one else will come between for your love to try,
Ev'ry day will be Sunday by and by.

'Most every boy has a sweetheart whom he dearly loves so well,
Who takes her out ev'ry Sunday, and who always looks so swell,
Then he asks her to marry, and gives her the engagement ring,
When she speaks of the happy day, to her this song he will sing:—*Cho.*

THE FIRST TO CAST A STONE

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by Charles Graham.

A story from the Bible came to mind the other day,
When I saw a crowd of people, as I homeward took my way.
They gathered 'round a woman who was handsome, young and fair;
I heard a man insult her, but she did not seem to care.
They say she was his sweetheart, in the golden long ago,
But in after years he'd parted from the girl who loved him so,
Tho' he promised once to wed her, all his love to hate had grown,
And I thought about the story of the first to cast a stone.

CHORUS.

Trusting in his word, believing he was true,
She became his sweetheart, tho' no one ever knew.
Old friends pass her by, sorrow she has known,
And he who should defend her, was the first to cast a stone.

She stood within a doorway, and the scene I'll ne'er forget,
In her eyes I saw forgiveness, you could see she loved him yet.
She may have been a Magdalene, as I heard some one say,
But some one has to answer for her on the judgment day.
And when the mighty roll-call's over, when life's span is past,
He will find a retribution, for she loved him to the last.
In the early years he wooed her, but she soon was left alone,
And tho' helpless on the street, he was the first to cast a stone.—*Cho.*

ONLY A FADED ROSE

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by E. P. Favor.

An old man by the kitchen door sat reading one summer's day,
While by his side, upon the floor, his nephew was at play,
And as he slowly turned a page he heard a heavy sigh,
For, from the book, he quickly took a rose, all withered and dry,
"What is the matter, uncle dear? what makes you look so sad?
Have I done any wrong while here, please tell me if I have?"
No, no, my child, it is not you that makes me shed a tear,
It is this rose, the thoughts of past, come, listen, the story hear:

REFRAIN.

'Tis only a faded rose, I know, to me, 'tis a precious gem,
It takes me back to long ago, to younger days again;
I sought to win the hand of one, one I loved better than gold,
But she was false, and all I have, is just this faded rose.

It was the time when war broke out, said the old man to the lad,
I to the front went, with a shout, the parting, too, was sad;
She gave me this rose, once so fair, and with a look of pain,
Said, take it, Ned, and we'll be wed, when you return again.
The war was ended soon, my child, I came back crowned with fame;
My heart was broken, I was wild, another her had claimed,
That's why I'm single, live alone, no children at my knee,
And just this rose is all I have, I hope she thinks of me.—*Refrain.*

I'M LOOKING FOR A LOST ONE

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words and Music by W. S. Estren.

To the prison gate there came one day an old gray-headed man,
And asked permission that he might look o'er the prison clan,
The warden kindly asked him what his mission there might be,
Was he looking for a lost one, or just the sights to see?
"My quest is for a woman I've not seen for many years,
I've knelt the wide world over," then his eyes filled up with tears,
The kindly warden's heart was touched—"In me will you confide?
I'd like to hear your story," and the old man then replied:

CHORUS.

"I'm looking for a lost one, whom I loved when but a boy,
And just to see her face again would fill my heart with joy,
'Tis many years since we have met, tho' time and place be strange,
I'd know her if I met her, yes! I'd know her tho' she's changed."

The old man then proceeded with his story, sadly told,
For love of her in early youth he'd hoarded up his gold,
To wed her in the village church had been his dream thro' life,
And happy days he pictured when she became his wife,
But his hopes were rudely broken by a note which simply read,
"Good-bye, dear ones, don't grieve for me," and this is all it said:
For another she had left us, and sorrow proved her fate,
And then the old man rose and said while passing out the gate:—*Cho.*

SAINT and SINNERS

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Fred Britton. Music by Albert M. Mansfield.

To a grand and stately church I sauntered Sunday morn at ten,
While the bells above were chiming out their welcome to all men,
When a poor, degraded, wretched-looking man, quite ill and worn,
Knelt beside me in that scene of luxury.
Down the aisle came straight an usher, pompous, dignified and stern,
To that poor old man whose head was bowed in prayer,
And he whispered harshly, "Go! this church is not for such as you,"
And this thought came to me as I lingered there:

CHORUS.

Which was the sinner, and which was the saint?
What would your answer be?
The picture is one no beginner can paint,
But an artist with fancy free.
Is dame fortune whose smile places velvet on one,
Whose frown turns the other to tears,
Makes a saint of the sinner in splendor arrayed,
But the other's sad tale seldom hears.

Just outside the church I met the old man standing quite alone,
And I spoke a word of friendly cheer in sympathetic tone,
Then the story that he told now makes my indignation burn,
'Twas the old one of a friend's duplicity.
For in years gone by in business he'd been known successfully,
But a scheming partner won his wealth away.
Though he's under fortune's ban, his old partner was that man,
Who from church that morning ordered him away.—*Chorus.*

BYE, BYE, MISTAH JACKSON

Copyright, 1896, by A. M. Mansfield. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.
Words by Ed. Gardener. Music by Chas. Koblman.

I called at ma baby's house, 'twas on a Sunday night,
When I peeked frew de windah pane, why I got an awful fright.
I seen de wench what promised fo' ter marry me in June,
She wuz spoonin' in de pariah wid a lemon-cullud coon.
Den I got 'zasperated an' yanked de bell so hard
Dat out come ma lady lub an' handed me a card.
She slammed de doah right in ma face, it nearly knocked me dead;
I read de writin' on de card, an' dis is what it said:

CHORUS.

Bye, bye, Mistah Jackson, I'se got anudder coon
Dat matches ma complexhun, I'se a high-class octeroon.
Ob course it wouldn't matter if you'd been a mulatter, but as it is you see,
It's no use, cut loose! you're too black for me.

'Twas mighty tantalin' ter tink dat Hannah Brown
She objected to ma cullah, and delib'rate frew me down.
Ma dandruff kep' a-risin', I wuz thirstin' for de gore
Ob dat low-down yaller nigger, so I busted in de doah.
I wanted heaps of troubbel, was itchin' fur a fight,
I got it in a minute an' soon I wuz a sight;
I landed in de guttah, as dey carted me away,
De last ting I remembah wuz I heard Miss Hannah say:—*Chorus.*



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'Twas in September

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co. Words and Music by Geo. Cantlie.

'Twas in September, when leaves and flowers were falling,

My love and I parted, parted for aye;
Dark was that day, darker still my heart's foreboding,
But love, ever living, breath'd forth this lay:

CHORUS.

Farewell, dear heart, since we must parted be forevermore,
My thoughts will turn to thee,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell, dear love,
I love but thee, I love but thee,
Ah, but when thou dreamest, thou wilt dream of me,
And when thou wakest thou wilt think of me.
Farewell, my love, farewell, my love, farewell,
When dreaming thou wilt dream of me,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell, farewell.

Spring-time returns, love, all hope and life reviving,
Each bird is singing sweetly to his mate;
Deep from each heart comes the thought of love's renewing.
But mine, only mine, love, comes all too late.—Chorus.

GO AND FIND YOUR SISTER, TOM

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Coleman.

Words by George W. Chance. Music by Charles Coleman.

A quiet country village in the far-off sunny South,
A cottage holds within a shady dell,
Where lived a maid with wavy hair, whose face was fair to see.
The folks for miles around all loved her well.
No sorrow ever seemed to mar the sunshine of her life,
Her smile was sweeter than the flowers of May.
A stranger from the city came and lured her from her home,
To brother Tom the mother then did say:

REFRAIN.

Go and find your sister, Tom, and bring her back once more,
Tell her that we've missed her as she ne'er was missed before.
Tell her that the roses bloom and birds sing just as gay,
Still home don't seem the same to us since Bessie went away.

He found her in a city strange, she had been cast away,
Deserted by her husband, left to roam.
Her thoughts were of the cottage still that stood down in the dell,
Of mother and the friends she'd left at home.
He said to her, dear Bessie, I have come to bring you back,
The past we'll think no more of, it is dead.
Your pride it need not bar you, for your friends will love you still,
So do come home for mother's sake, who said:—Refrain.

Come Back to Your Mother, Madge

Copyright, 1897, by National Music Co. English copyright secured.
Words by Samuel I. Omond. Music by James Alvin Fairfield.

Friend Madge, your mother I have seen, I told her what you said;
Oh! if you could have with me been, and seen her bow her head,
But when I said your health was poor, the tears ran down her face;
The mother-love then banished, Madge, all thought of your disgrace;
Your mother clasp'd me in her arms, and pressed me to her breast;
To me who ne'er had mother known, it was a place of rest.
I heard your mother pray to God, to ease your heart of pain,
To turn you from your worldly ways and bring you home again.

REFRAIN.

Then come back to your mother, Madge, her dear heart pines for you,
Oh! come and nestle in her arms, just as you used to do.
No love you'll find like mother-love, no matter where you roam,
And, Madge, till you reach heaven above, you'll find no place like home.

And, Madge, the wild rose is in bloom you planted by the door;
I've plucked a spray to send to you, that you may think of yore.
Your mother's heart's nigh broken, Madge, her health is falling fast;
I heard the doctor say last night, not long was she to last.
I trust these lines your heart may touch, and ope love's fountain wide;
And cause you to forsake your ways ere sorrow may betide.
Then come back to your childhood home; this, Madge, I beg you'll do;
Forgiven freely you will be, and joy will follow you.—Refrain.

Oh, Madge, you can't guess who I met; 'twas your old lover, Ned;
And when I told him you I'd seen, he, with emotion, said:
"Lou, if you ever write to Madge, just say I love her still."
When I ask'd him if he'd forgive, he answered, "yes, I will—
For it was Madge who lit the flame which burns within my heart;
I don't care what the world might say, I'll always take her part."
And Ned said, you he'd gladly wed; I'm sure he meant it, too.
My letter to a close I'll bring, God bless you—your friend, Lou.—Ref.

AMERICA'S PICKANINNY TWINS

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. L. Mulroy. Words and Music by Jno. L. Mulroy.

Down yondah, in the suthin part of Gawgla,
Whar de cotton an' de sugar cane does grow;
Tha' was hawned a pair of little pickaninnies,
And it's jest 'bout six or seven yeahs ago.

Spoken—Yes, it is.

Tha' was twenty-seven niggahs in the family,
Every one was named from Jefferson to Jo,
Then to name the kids ole mammy tried so mightily,
But at last she said, I'll have to let it go.

Spoken—Po' mammy!

Not long ago she had a mighty gatherin',
Massa Johnson, Cook and Jackson all cum in.
Then without a-half a-tryin', Mars' Jackson says, Aunt Dine,
We's a-gwine to name the pickaninny twins.

CHORUS.

Mars' Johnson named me Dewey, Mars' Jackson called me Miles,
With white folks we jest kills it with our new American styles;
We're not like common niggahs, we weahs de swellest things,
We're the Suthin-bredded, fuzzy-headed, pickaninny twins.

We's runned away from home to go a-travelin',
We're a-gwine to visit all the biggest towns;
We will mingle in the swellest of society,
And we'll have the blak fo' hundred show us 'round.

Spoken—Deed we will.

Now we's lookin' for two cullid gals of 'bilities
To walk fo' cakes an' cut de pigeon wing;
We will ovahlook their sassafraas proclivities,
But for style they'll have to be the propah thing.

Spoken—No lie, honey!

Thar's gwine to be a passemia this evenin',
An', of course, these kids am gwine to take it in.
All the coons will take a fit, we'll make an awful hit,
As the patriotic pickaninny twins.—Chorus.

BEFORE THE MAINE WENT DOWN

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Coleman.

Words by Augusta Howe Chambers. Music by Charles Coleman.

The stars in heaven's blue flag of state shone o'er Havana Bay,
Where all, unwarned by treach'rous fate, our mighty cruiser lay,
And many sailors dreamed that night of fame and war's renown,
Of laurels won where heroes fight before the Maine went down.

CHORUS.

Before the Maine went down, mothers and matrons and sweethearts,
In hamlet & village & town, prayed for and wrote to their darlings,
Before the Maine went down, letters came back from the laddies
Love-laden, home, swift o'er the foam, before the Maine went down.

In many homes each absent face shone in the fire-light's gleam,
Or crossed to seek its vacant place, the threshold of some dream,
But now a nation mourns their loss, brave hearts no fear could drown,
They died to save their country's cause, the night the Maine went down.

—Chorus.

THE QUEEN OF MULBERRY BEND

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Words and Music by W. Leavey.

There is a charming little girl the neighbors all adore,
A fair-haired little beauty, with lovers by the score,
But I'm the one most favored, and on that you can depend,
That the sweetest little girl of all is the Queen of Mulberry Bend.

CHORUS.

Sweet little Katie Mahoney, she's not too proud or too toney,
A queen in her set, is my dear little pet, my sweet little Katie Mahoney,
Fair as the fairest of flowers, many are the happy hours
Together we'd spend, to wed her I intend, my queen down in Mulberry

We stroll out ev'ry evening to the pretty park, close by,
And listen to the music while the hours swiftly fly,
The sweetest music to me was my own Katie's consent,
For me to name the happy day of that important event.—Chorus.

My Orange-Colored Yaller Gal

Copyright, 1898, by Baltimore Music Co. Words and Music by Samuel Lupton.

Dar am a gal in dis yer town who ma heart am yearning for,
She am de only one I eber lubb'd;
She am a trifle shady, a real warm baby, —
I could eat her, yes I could;
She am big and fat and shoots crap, you can't fool her on any game;
At the cake-walk she's de belle;
Dar's not a coon in town dat could Malinda down,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

CHORUS.

Malinda, will you be mine, is what I'm gwine to say;
If you'll only say de word your board I will pay;
I drinks gin by de gallon, I likes ma watermelon,
But I lubs ya best of all, my honey,
I'll chop de wood and I will tote ya up de coal;
I'll build yer de fires and de dinners I will boil;
I'll gib yer all my money, won't yer be my honey,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

I'call'd on her de odder night a-feelin' kinder 'spicious,
For I se a very jealous coon;
Found my anticipation widout de least foundation,
I guess I was too soon.
She e am de sweetest and de neatest, she'm a red-hot member;
She done sot my brain in a whirl.
I want yer all to know I'm gwine to propose
To ma-a red-hot orange-colored yaller gal.—Chorus.

AFTER THE WAR

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.

Words by Marion Young. Music by Richard Stahl.

A widowed mother stands beside her dear and only son,
The call "To arms!" has sounded loud and like a knell has rung
Within the mother's anguished heart, for soon her boy must go,
And by his ship's gun take his stand against the treacherous foe.
With words of hope and comfort he strives her heart to cheer,
Then, kissing her, he bravely cries, "Dear mother, have no fear!"
Your sailor boy will soon return, the battle's cry be o'er,
With glory we'll come sailing home after the war.

CHORUS.

After the war is over some hearts will throb with pain,
Others with joy and gladness to meet loved ones again;
Our heroes will live forever, their deeds are known afar,
Ev'ry tongue sounds their praises after the war.

He takes his place on board the ship, all eager for the fray,
Into the thunderous combat then they sail at break of day;
The boatswain's whistle sounds the call, "Clear ship for action!" 's heard;
The boy steps bravely to his gun and no one speaks a word.
But calmly he stands waiting for the brief and quick command,
His only thought is but to fight for his dear native land.
He hears his mother's nightly prayer amidst the cannons' roar,
"God bring him safely back to me" after the war.—Chorus.
Life's tide is ebbing fast away, death claims the widow's son,
His comrades 'round him silent pray and cite his brave deed done.
How, with a shattered, bleeding arm he nobly kept his stand,
And when the foe rushed madly on had fought them hand to hand.
And when one tore his country's flag down from the tall mast-head,
He'd staggered o'er the blood-stained deck and struck the miscreant dead.
That honored flag unstained and pure shall float forevermore
In triumph o'er that hero's head after the war.

CHORUS.

After the war is over and battle-calls are done,
Our heroes are returning with honor nobly won,
In freedom's cause their blood was shed, and the flag they adore
Shall wave in triumph forever after the war.



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MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—Chorus.

MOLLY

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

My Molly has a naughty smile,
My Molly is not free from guile;
She keeps me on a string,
And is always on the wing,
Dancing 'round with other fellows all the while.
Oh, Molly, with the eyes of blue,
Now won't you be a good girl? do!
Tell the boys to go away,
Send them off and make them stay,
And, Molly, I'll be true.
I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly;
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.

Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

I haven't got a joy in life
Since Molly will not be my wife;
I cannot sleep at night,
And I feel like getting tight;
Oh, her cruelty it cuts me like a knife.
Dear Molly, won't you love me? do!
I'll stick to you my whole life through.
Won't you not be quite so gay?
Send those other "chaps" away,
And, Molly, I'll be true,
I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.
Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.—Chorus.

BETTER THAN GOLD

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again,
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.

Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be,
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—

"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;

Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again,
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

OLCOTT'S IRISH SERENADE

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Katy, my darling, alone I am waiting,
Waiting and watching alone by the stile,
Why keep me here, while my heart is inside, dear?
So open your door, love, and give me your smile.
You promised you'd meet me at eight, by the stile, dear,
Where are you now, when your lover is here?
Oh, come to me quickly, my heart it is yearning,
Yearning and waiting for you, Katy dear.

Ah, never fear, you'll be safe in my keeping,
I will guard o'er you, asleep or awake,
Nothing can harm you while my love's around you;
I'd lay down my life, Katy, for your dear sake.
As true as the stars keeping watch thro' the long night,
Such will my faithful watch constantly be;
To cheer you, to guide you o'er life's stormy ocean
Give me but that lot, and joy waits for me.

Let Me Take My Place at Home Again

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray;
He left them on one cold and wintry night;
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name;
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again.
Back among the dearest friends of all,
Back to mother's dear caress, and your old age I will bless,
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay;
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,
And now my lad no longer has to plead.—Chorus.

KATY MAHONE

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there
Dwells my sweet Kitty Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To resist love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm yours alone;
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now, time may change all things, but never my heart,
It will remain the same,
And be not like the beautiful snow when it falls,
To go with the very first rain.
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old ruin it springs;
Time cannot efface it, or lessen its love,
For the older the closer it clings.—Refrain.

Mavourneen

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Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore,
But sweeter and purer—oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Ashore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.

Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending,
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—Chorus.



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songs will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on
receipt of 30 Cents per copy, or 4 copies, your
selection, for ONE DOLLAR, by H. J. WEHMAN,
108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed
Free upon application.

'TWAS IN SEPTEMBER

Copyright, 1898, by Windsor Music Co. Words and Music by Geo. Cantlie.

'Twas in September, when leaves and flowers were falling,
My love and I parted, parted for aye;
Dark was that day, darker still my heart's foreboding.
But love, ever living, breath'd forth this lay:

CHORUS.

Farewell, dear heart, since we must parted be forevermore,
My thoughts will turn to thee,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell, dear love,
I love but thee, I love but thee,
Ah, but when thou dreamest, thou wilt dream of me,
And when thou wakest thou wilt think of me.
Farewell, my love, farewell, my love, farewell,
When dreaming thou wilt dream of me,
Farewell, dear heart, farewell, farewell.

Spring-time returns, love, all hope and life reviving,
Each bird is singing sweetly to his mate:
Deep from each heart comes the thought of love's renewing.
But mine, only mine, love, comes all too late.—Chorus.

GO AND FIND YOUR SISTER, TOM

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Coleman.

Words by George W. Chance. Music by Charles Coleman.

A quiet country village in the far-off sunny South,
A cottage holds within a shady dell,
Where lived a maid with wavy hair, whose face was fair to see.
The folks for miles around all loved her well.
No sorrow ever seemed to mar the sunshine of her life,
Her smile was sweeter than the flowers of May.
A stranger from the city came and lured her from her home,
To brother Tom the mother then did say:

REFRAIN.

Go and find your sister, Tom, and bring her back once more,
Tell her that we've missed her as she ne'er was missed before.
Tell her that the roses bloom and birds sing just as gay,
Still home don't seem the same to us since Bessie went away.
He found her in a city strange, she had been cast away,
Deserted by her husband, left to roam.
Her thoughts were of the cottage still that stood down in the dell,
Of mother and the friends she'd left at home.
He said to her, dear Bessie, I have come to bring you back,
The past we'll think no more of, it is dead.
Your pride it need not bar you, for your friends will love you still,
So do come home for mother's sake, who said:—Refrain.

Come Back to Your Mother, Madge

Copyright, 1897, by National Music Co. English copyright secured.
Words by Samuel I. Omond. Music by James Alvin Fairfield.

Friend Madge, your mother I have seen, I told her what you said;
Oh! if you could have with me been, and seen her bow her head,
But when I said your health was poor, the tears ran down her face;
The mother-love then banished, Madge, all thought of your disgrace;
Your mother clasp'd me in her arms, and pressed me to her breast;
To me who ne'er had mother known, it was a place of rest.
I heard your mother pray to God, to ease your heart of pain,
To turn you from your worldly ways and bring you home again.

REFRAIN.

Then come back to your mother, Madge, her dear heart pines for you,
Oh! come and nestle in her arms, just as you used to do.
No love you'll find like mother-love, no matter where you roam,
And, Madge, till you reach heaven above, you'll find no place like home.

And, Madge, the wild rose is in bloom you planted by the door;
I've plucked a spray to send to you, that you may think of yore.
Your mother's heart's nigh broken, Madge, her health is falling fast;
I heard the doctor say last night, not long was she to last.
I trust these lines your heart may touch, and ope love's fountain wide;
And cause you to forsake your ways ere sorrow may betide.
Then come back to your childhood home; this, Madge, I beg you'll do;
Forgiven freely you will be, and joy will follow you.—Refrain.

Oh, Madge, you can't guess who I met; 'twas your old lover, Ned;
And when I told him you'd seen me, he, with emotion, said:
"Lou, if you ever write to Madge, just say I love her still."
When I ask'd him if he'd forgive, he answered, "yes, I will—
For it was Madge who lit the flame which burns within my heart;
I don't care what the world might say, I'll always take her part."
And Ned said, you he'd gladly wed; I'm sure he meant it, too,
My letter to a close I'll bring, God bless you—your friend, Lou.—Ref.

AMERICA'S PICKANINNY TWINS

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. L. Mulroy. Words and Music by Jno. L. Mulroy.

Down yondah, in the suthin part of Gawgia,
Whar de cotton an' de sugar-cane does grow;
Tha' was bawnd a pair of little pickaninnies,
And it's jest 'bout six or seven yeahs ago.

Spoken—Yes, it is.

Tha' was twenty-seven niggahs in the family,
Every one was named from Jefferson to Jo,
Then to name the kids ole mammy tried so mightily,
But at last she said, I'll have to let it go.

Spoken—Po' mammy!

Not long ago she had a mighty gatherin',
Massa Johnson, Cook and Jackson all cum in.
Then without a-half a-tryin', Mars' Jackson says, Aunt Dine,
We's a-gwine to name the pickaninny twins.

CHORUS.

Mars' Johnson named me Dewey, Mars' Jackson called me Miles,
With white folks we jest kills it with our new American styles;
We're not like common niggahs, we weahs de swellest things,
We're the Suthin-bredded, fuzzy-headed, pickaninny twins.

We's runned away from home to go a-travellin',
We're a-gwine to visit all the biggest towns;
We will mingle in the swellest of society,
And we'll have the blak fo' hundred show us 'round.

Spoken—Deed we will.

Now we's lookin' for two cullid gals of 'bilities
To walk fo' cakes an' cut de pigeon wing;
We will ovahlook their sassafraz proclivities,
But for style they'll have to be the propah thing.

Spoken—No lie, honey!

Thar's gwine to be a passemia this evenin',
An', of course, these kids am gwine to take it in.
All the coons will take a fit, we'll make an awful hit,
As the patriotic pickaninny twins.—Chorus.

BEFORE THE MAINE WENT DOWN

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Coleman.

Words by Augusta Howe Chambers. Music by Charles Coleman.

The stars in heaven's blue flag of state shone o'er Havana Bay,
Where all, unwarned by treach'rous fate, our mighty cruiser lay,
And many sailors dreamed that night of fame and war's renown,
Of laurels won where heroes fell before the Maine went down.

CHORUS.

Before the Maine went down, mothers and matrons and sweethearts,
In hamlet & village & town, prayed for and wrote to their darlings,
Before the Maine went down, letters came back from the laddies
Love-laden, home, swift o'er the foam, before the Maine went down.

In many homes each absent face shone in the fire-light's gleam,
Or crossed to seek its vacant place, the threshold of some dream,
But now a nation mourns their loss, brave hearts no fear could drow,
They died to save their country's cause, the night the Maine went down.

—Chorus.

THE QUEEN OF MULBERRY BEND

Copyright, 1898, by A. M. Mansfield. Words and Music by W. Leavay.

There is a charming little girl the neighbors all adore,
A fair-haired little beauty, with lovers by the score,
But I'm the one most favored, and on that you can depend,
That the sweetest little girl of all is the Queen of Mulberry Bend.

CHORUS.

Sweet little Katie Mahoney, she's not too proud or too toney,
A queen in her set, is my dear little pet, my sweet little Katie Mahoney,
Fair as the fairest of flowers, many are the happy hours (Bend).
Together we'd spend, to wed her I intend, my queen down in Mulberry

We stroll out ev'ry evening to the pretty park, close by,
And listen to the music while the hours swiftly fly,
The sweetest music to me was my own Katie's consent,
For me to name the happy day of that important event.—Chorus.

My Orange-Colored Yaller Gal

Copyright, 1898, by Baltimore Music Co. Words and Music by Samuel Lapin.

Dar am a gal in dis yer town who ma heart am yearning for,
She am de only one I eber lubb'd;
She am a trifle shady, a real warm baby, —
I could eat her, yes I could;
She am big and fat and shoots crap, you can't fool her on any game;
At the cake-walk she's de belle;
Dar's not a coon in town dat could Malinda down,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

CHORUS.

Malinda, will you be mine, is what I'm gwine to say;
If you'll only say de word your board I will pay;
I drinks gin by de gallon, I likes ma watermelon,
But I lubs ya best of all, my honey,
I'll chop de wood and I will tote ya up de coal;
I'll build yer de fires and de dinners I will boil;
I'll gib yer all my money, won't yer be my honey,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

I'call'd on her de odder night a-feelin' kinder 'spicious,
For I see a very jealous coon;
Found my anticipation widout de least foundation,
I guess I was too soon.
She e am de sweetest and de neatest, she'm a red-hot member;
She done sot my brain in a whirl.
I want yer all to know I'm gwine to propose
To ma-a red-hot orange-colored yaller gal.—Chorus.

AFTER THE WAR

Copyright, 1898, by Carl Fischer.

Words by Marion Young. Music by Richard Stahl.

A widowed mother stands beside her dear and only son,
The call "To arms!" has sounded loud and like a knell has rung
Within the mother's anguished heart, for soon her boy must go,
And by his ship's gun take his stand against the treacherous foe.
With words of hope and comfort he strives her heart to cheer,
Then, kissing her, he bravely cries, "Dear mother, have no fear!"
Your sailor boy will soon return, the battle's cry be o'er,
With glory we'll come sailing home after the war.

CHORUS.

After the war is over some hearts will throb with pain,
Others with joy and gladness to meet loved ones again;
Our heroes will live forever, their deeds are known afar,
Ev'ry tongue sounds their praises after the war.

He takes his place on board the ship, all eager for the fray,
Into the thunderous combat then they sail at break of day.
The boatswain's whistle sounds the call, "Clear ship for action!" 's heard;
The boy steps bravely to his gun and no one speaks a word.
But calmly he stands waiting for the brief and quick command,
His only thought is but to fight for his dear native land.
He hears his mother's nightly prayer amidst the cannons' roar,
"God bring him safely back to me" after the war.—Chorus.

Life's tide is ebbing fast away, death claims the widow's son,
His comrades 'round him silent pray and cite his brave deed done.
How, with a shattered, bleeding arm he nobly kept his stand,
And when the foe rushed madly on had fought them hand to hand.
And when one tore his country's flag down from the tall mast-head,
He'd staggered o'er the blood-stained deck and struck the miscreant dead.
That honored flag unstained and pure shall float forevermore
In triumph o'er that hero's head after the war.

CHORUS.

After the war is over and battle-calls are done,
Our heroes are returning with honor nobly won,
In freedom's cause their blood was shed, and the flag they adore
Shall wave in triumph forever after the war.



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Free upon application.

MY BEAUTIFUL IRISH MAID

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Cho.*

MOLLY

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Words by Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker.

My Molly has a naughty smile,
My Molly is not free from guile;
She keeps me on a string,
And is always on the wing,
Dancing 'round with other fellows all the while.
Oh, Molly, with the eyes of blue,
Now won't you be a good girl? do!
Tell the boys to go away,
Send them off and make them stay,
And, Molly, I'll be true.

I swear I will, to you.
Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.

Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

CHORUS.

Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly;
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.

Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.

I haven't got a joy in life
Since Molly will not be my wife;
I cannot sleep at night,
And I feel like getting tight;
Oh, her cruelty it cuts me like a knife.
Dear Molly, won't you love me? do!
I'll stick to you my whole life through.
Won't you not be quite so gay?
Send those other "chaps" away,
And, Molly, I'll be true,
I swear I will, to you.

Oh, Molly, Molly, you dainty little dolly,
Don't you ever stoop to folly,
For to me you are divine.

Molly, Molly, don't you ever let them jolly you;
My Molly, don't you ever slip your trolley, Molly mine.—*Chorus.*

BETTER THAN GOLD

Copyright, 1895, by Charles K. Harris. All rights reserved.

Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again,
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee. [hearts,
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be,
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again,
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

OLCOTT'S IRISH SERENADE

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Katy, my darling, alone I am waiting,
Waiting and watching alone by the stile,
Why keep me here, while my heart is inside, dear?
So open your door, love, and give me your smile.
You promised you'd meet me at eight, by the stile, dear,
Where are you now, when your lover is here?
Oh, come to me quickly, my heart it is yearning,
Yearning and waiting for you, Katy dear.

Ah, never fear, you'll be safe in my keeping,
I will guard o'er you, asleep or awake,
Nothing can harm you while my love's around you;
I'd lay down my life, Katy, for your dear sake.
As true as the stars keeping watch thro' the long night,
Such will my faithful watch constantly be;
To cheer you, to guide you o'er life's stormy ocean
Give me but that lot, and joy waits for me.

Let Me Take My Place at Home Again

Copyright, MDCCCXCVI, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Chas. V. Long.

In a cozy little cottage sat a couple old and gray,
A fire in the hearth was burning bright,
There a letter they were reading from their son who went astray;
He left them on one cold and wintry night;
His companions, whom were evil, had him forge his father's name;
The parent, in his anger, wished him dead;
But the son had since repented, and this letter home had come,
And to his wife these words the old man read:

CHORUS.

Let me take my place at home again,
Back among the dearest friends of all,
Back to mother's dear caress, and your old age I will bless,
Then let me take my place at home again.

Now the old man would not listen to the pleadings of his boy,
The dear old mother's health soon gave away,
For her heart was sadly pining for her son, her only joy,
Who left them in both sorrow and dismay;
One night as they were sitting by their cozy fireside,
The son was brought in pale and ill from need,
Then the father he forgave him, and with joy the mother cried,
And now my lad no longer has to plead:—*Chorus.*

KATY MAHONE

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there
Dwells my sweet Kitty Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To resist love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm yours alone;
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now, time may change all things, but never my heart,
It will remain the same,
And be not like the beautiful snow when it falls,
To go with the very first rain.
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old ruin it springs;
Time cannot efface it, or lessen its love,
For the older the closer it clings.—*Refrain.*

Mavourneen

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Words by Bartley Campbell. Music by Wm. J. Scanlan.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that bloom in dear Kerry,
And pure are the waters that kiss her dear shore,
But sweeter and purer—oh, yes, and more merry,
Is the girl of my heart, my own Deelish Ashore.
Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

CHORUS.

Mavourneen, my darling, are you thinking about me
As I roam this world over a stranger to all?
Whatever befall me, oh, Deelish, don't doubt me,
And some day, Mavourneen, I'll come at thy call.

The days are so long, and the nights have no ending,
Since I left thee and Erin, the land of my birth,
Where the seas and the skies they forever are blending,
And embracing the dearest green spot on earth.
If I were to die in the midst of the ocean,
And my body, Mavourneen, cast into the sea,
Where'er you might be, sure I have a notion
'Twould float back, my darling, to Erin and thee.—*Chorus.*

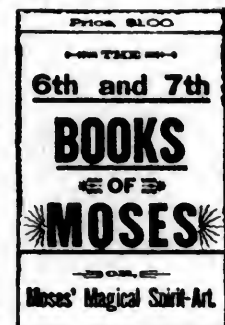


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was learned in wisdom of the Egyptians until his fortieth year. He acquired during his residence at the Court of Pharaoh many Egyptian arts in his constant intercourse with learned men. He became adept in those magical arts practiced by them. We find in Exodus 7:11 Moses cast his rod before the King, which became a serpent, Pharaoh sent for his magicians, who also cast down their rods, which, by their enchantments, also became serpents. Few persons have not some belief in these strange and oftentimes unexplained influences that seem to surround us through life for good or evil, and it is honestly thought that the study of this work, the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, will be a source of happiness and prosperity to millions. The fanatic may say that this publication will foster superstition, but the enlightened and unprejudiced will perceive that the translation into the English language will certainly be more serviceable than all previous productions, which were only circulated in abstract form, and sold at extortionate prices. In regard to this edition, the so-called Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, which have for several centuries attracted the popular faith, are in accordance with an old manuscript and given word for word. We guarantee that not one syllable has been added. To the publishers of Germany must be given the credit of having, at an enormous expense, collected these invaluable manuscripts, documents, etc., from which this work is compiled. It is from the German translation that we have produced the English edition of the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, in which is given exact copies of all the original illustrations as they existed on ancient parchments, etc., explained in plain English language. The German work has for some time largely circulated in Germany and among the Germans in this country, and is pronounced the most wonderful work ever published. So true is this that many millions of Germans, and others of German education, never undertake any important step in life relating to finance, exchange, or health, without seeking from its pages advice and guidance. Volume I of the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses as translated from the original writings, contains all that is embraced by the White and Black Art, together with the ministering spirits which were hidden from David, the father of Solomon. First Seal, the Seal of Treasures. Second, the Seal of Fortune. Third, for Respect, Affection, Admiration, etc. Fourth, Pleasures and Health. Fifth, the Seal of Power, etc. Sixth, the Seal of Visions and Dreams. Seventh, Seal of Earth's Treasures. It also contains the four Great Divisions of the Spirits—Spirits of the Air, Fire, Water and Earth, with their uses, powerful secrets, and full explanatory tables. It gives the tables of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Mercury and Venus, each of which possesses special power. There is given the exact engraving of the Magical Circle, etc. The Magic of the Israelites is fully explained, giving a complete and valuable history with more than 100 Biblical references, such as second sight, healing the sick according to scriptural teachings, visions and dreams, spiritual and sensual affection, elevation of will and higher vitality, the fiery serpent, spurious prophets, divine inspiration and mesmeric clairvoyance, the dead working wonders, the inherent power to heal disease, Simon the Sorcerer, and many other topics of great value are fully explained. Volume II of this wonderful work contains illustrations representing the signs used by the Israelites, such as the breast plate of Moses, magical laws of Moses, chalice of holiness, conjuration of Eleazar, the son of Aaron; breast plate of Aaron, citation of Germuthsal, dismission of Leviathan, Baalam's sorcery, conjuration of the la's of Moses, dismission of Moses, signs to be used, or the right and left side; spirit in a pillar of burning fire, spirit appears in a cloud, signs of frogs and pestilence, signs of cattle, black smallpox and hail, spirit in the burning bush, and the staff changed into a serpent. These engravings are exact copies of those by the Israelites and Egyptians to accomplish the designs for good or evil, and are separately explained. This book has become enormously popular. Beware of humbugs. Volumes I and II bound together in one volume. Price reduced to

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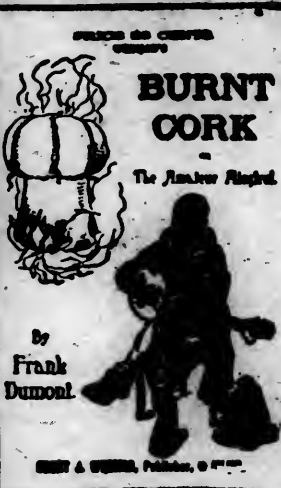
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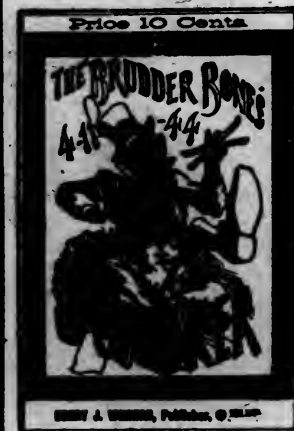
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